

The Messenger

"Is the Truth in Jesus."

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Poetry.

OUR CHRIST.

In Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth:
Life stirs again within the clod:
Renewed in beauteous birth,
The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing His breath on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God,
From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the sea;
On life and death His smile falls sweet—
Lights up all mysteries:
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.

Not my Christ only; He is ours;
Humanity's close bond;
Key to its vast, unopened powers,
Dream of our dreams beyond.—
What yet we shall be, none can tell;
Now are we His, and all is well.

—Lucy Larcom, in *The Congregationalist*.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

The Bible tells us, that we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. These witnesses will, no doubt, bear testimony for or against us at the courts of heaven. There are also many witnesses, who do not belong just to the order referred to in the Word of God, who will, nevertheless, testify to some purpose.

As I looked over the vast number of people, who assembled at the Bethany Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf on the 24th of July, upon the festive occasion of the 15th anniversary of the Home, I could not help but compare the large assemblage to a great cloud of witnesses—not from the heavenly world, but destined for the same, I trust—but a cloud of witnesses from various parts of the country, who, upon returning to their respective homes, would testify of what they had seen and heard to their neighbors, in their congregations, in their Sunday-schools and to the members of their own families; testify of the beautiful and healthful location of the Home, of the charming scenery, of the pure exhilarating atmosphere, and of the cool invigorating and never failing spring of water; testify of the neatness of the Home, of the general government, of the deportment of the orphans, of their interesting services and of the touching and instructive reports and addresses read and delivered. We need nothing better to awaken a deeper interest in the Home among our people than these witnesses. Let a pastor see to it, that a number of his people will visit the Home upon such an occasion, and he need not hesitate afterwards to come before his Consistory and congregation with the claim of the orphans.

The most healthful biblical education of our children would be the result, if we had the courage and the faith to use all the contributions gathered in our Sunday-schools

for the cause of the orphans and for missions, and then draw upon the whole congregation for the support of the school. In this way the congregation would be aroused to a proper sense of its duty in the training of the young, and the children would be educated to liberality for benevolence, and our Orphans' Home would have an abundance, and a large surplus would be left for Home and Foreign Missions. The apostolic plan is a good one, sufficient to sustain all the necessary operations of the Church, and I venture to say, that as long as we do not use all the contributions of our congregational and Sunday-school services for benevolence, we are not Christian in the sense in which the Apostles were Christian.

S. B.

For The Messenger.

LETTER FROM OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

TOKIO, JAPAN, June 13th, 1879.

Dear Doctor:—You see by the heading of this letter, that we have at last gotten to our field of labor. Our journey across the continent, and our voyage across the Pacific, were both very pleasant and profitable. I cannot now go into particulars, since I have but a few hours before the mail closes. We were on the ocean twenty days, five hours, and forty-five minutes. We had very good weather, and landed on the 6th of June, 6 o'clock, P. M. The steamer came in very quietly, and we came off without display. We were very glad to get on land again. We stopped over night at the International Hotel on the banks of the bay, and the next morning, Rev. J. L. Amerman, missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church, called to take us to his house in Tokio, and is now giving us all the attention possible.

We are having a very good rest here, and he and Mrs. Amerman are kindly assisting us to get things for our home. I do not see how we could get along without them. On last Sabbath I accompanied Mr. A. to church in one of the Japanese houses in this city, and was initiated into the eastern custom of taking off the shoes and sitting on the floor. I was much interested in the service, though the only thing I recognized were the tunes of the hymns they sang. When I heard the Japanese minister pray and preach in his own language, I could only wonder when I should ever get this singular language on my tongue sufficiently to speak it well. But that will come by hard and patient labor.

The question is now, where shall we begin to labor, here in Tokio, the capital of Japan, or in Yokohama, some eighteen miles south of this? There is scarcely a doubt about Tokio being the better place, for a number of reasons.

1st. Because this is the seat of government, and a thoroughly Japanese city, with superior advantages for acquiring the language in its purity.

2d. Because the people outside of the city, in the country, are more apt to consider that which has its seat in the capital.

3d. Because Yokohama is chiefly a foreign settlement, which has grown up since the advent of foreigners, and the Japanese that have come to Yokohama, came mostly for the purpose of making money out of the foreigners, and are less disposed to consider the subject of religion.

4th. Because in Tokio there is more room for starting a new mission, since the city is so much larger and there are fewer missionaries, than at Yokohama. There are sections of the city here, I am told, which are two and three times as large as Yokohama, containing from sixty to eighty thousand inhabitants, without a single preaching point.

5th. Because having only one missionary here of our own Church, it seems highly proper that we should begin in the capital of the empire.

* The above letter has been received from our missionary to Japan. The contents have been duly considered by the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions, and an answer has been sent, approving of the selection of Tokio, and the present arrangements of the missionary to prepare himself at Yokohama. The matter of building a house is reserved for the future. In the meantime the Board will follow the leadings of Providence. It was thought that the publication of the letter would be of interest to the Church.

T. S. JOHNSTON,
Secretary.

There are other minor reasons for beginning here, which I have no time to give now. Mr. Amerman and other missionaries, who have been in Yokohama, and afterwards came on here, are very positive as to this being the better place to begin work.

We have tried our best to secure a house here, but have been unable to do so, and so have concluded to rent a house for a while in Yokohama and begin on the language, since for the first half year or so, we can do as well there as here. Mr. Amerman thinks, that, since we cannot rent here, it would be better to build a house at this place as soon as possible. The Boards of the other denominations represented here, have mostly their own buildings, and have come to the conclusion, that it is the best thing to do, and the most economical, since the rents are very high and houses are in demand. This would secure us a comfortable home, and save us much rent. It would save us about three or four hundred dollars a year rent, and give us a better house. This, I am confident, with the opinion of the other brethren here, would be the best plan. Mr. Amerman has advised me to lay this matter before the Board for their judgment. He has kindly consented to give us the benefit of his experience, and offered to help us in every way, should you send us money enough to build. I have now given you the facts of the case as near as I can, as I felt it my duty to do, and would like you to consider the merits of the case in hand, and we will go by your direction. I hope you will not consider this premature. I have felt it my duty to lay this before you as soon as possible. It takes a long while to exchange letters, and therefore thought best to write soon, that you may consider it, and send me your decision. We have rented a small house in Yokohama, and in a few weeks hope to be in our home, if the Lord wills. Yokohama is a nice place to live in, and there are many of our fellow-countrymen there. We are both well and send our love. Direct to No. 45, Bluffs, Yokohama, Japan.

Yours in Christ,

AMBROSE D. GRING.

Selected.

TURNING THE BACK ON THE CHURCH.

The relationship of a Christian believer to the Church of which he is a member is a peculiarly sacred and binding one. It is a relationship not lightly to be entered into; but when once assumed, the obligations it imposes are too sacred to be thoughtlessly thrown off at will.

But not a few church members seem to view their relationship to the Church very much as they would regard membership in a literary society or a social club. So long as every thing is entirely agreeable, they enjoy the association, and are perhaps warmly interested and active in the work of the Church. If anything, however, occurs to render the connection a less pleasant one, they do not hesitate, not only to withdraw from active service, but actually to turn their backs upon the Church itself, and go wandering about, that most forlorn and pitiful being, a Christian without a church-home. Sometimes the cause of offence is something the pastor has said or done—quite unintentionally, it may be—sometimes a fellow-layman's conduct is at the bottom of the difficulty. But whatever it is, off flies the offended brother, with as small concern as if the Church had no claims whatever upon him, and he were absolutely free to go where he pleased, and do as he pleased, without reference to the body, whose covenant vows he has publicly and solemnly taken upon himself.

The result of such a course is usually extremely disastrous to the withdrawing member. He falls into divers temptations and snares. He becomes indifferent to all Christian duties, careless about attendance upon Christian worship anywhere, and gradually lapses into a cold, lifeless, worldly-minded "backslider." Such wrecks of Christian character as this are to be seen in every community. They painfully illustrate the danger of wilfully withdrawing from the strengthening sympathy and sustaining fellowship of the Church of Christ.

A clear understanding of the true meaning of the relationship the individual mem-

ber sustains to the general body would very often prevent the unhappy error of which we speak. The relationship is primarily with Christ, the Head, and through Him to the Church, the body. It is this that gives the union its peculiar sacredness. Fealty to Christ demands fealty to the Church. Shall we for a mere pique, or for any slight offence, real or fancied, sever a union thus based upon our blissful oneness with Christ?

We freely admit, of course, the right of any member in good standing of a Baptist church to withdraw from his connection with the particular body to which he belongs, for any cause which his conscience approves. The liberty to do this is indisputable; no Baptist church can rightfully abridge it. What we insist upon is, that members who are dissatisfied, on reasonable grounds, with their church relations, and feel that self-respect and spiritual comfort and growth require them to withdraw, should do so in the one regular, orderly way, by asking a letter of dismission, and as speedily as possible uniting with some other church. No Christian can afford, for the sake of his own influence and growth in the Divine life, to become a religious "bummer;" lounging aimlessly about without a settled Christian home among God's people. He should belong somewhere; and overlooking much, bearing with much that may not be to his mind, should labor in and with the Church whose faith he professes for the world's salvation. If circumstances make this impossible in one Church, he may properly transfer his membership to another. But, we repeat, no Christian has a right, because things don't please him in any particular church, to ignore the divinely appointed plan of Christian fellowship by holding aloof from his church while still nominally a member of it. Toward a member who does this the church, on its part, has a duty to perform, which is too often weakly neglected.—*Examiner and Chronicle, (Baptist.)*

THE CLERGY OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

The humblest mechanic of England today has comforts and conveniences which the richest nobles lacked in Harrison's day, but it was nevertheless an age of great luxury and extravagance; of brave apparel, costly and showy beyond that of any Continental people, though wanting in refined taste; and of mighty banquets, with service of massive plate, troops of attendants, and a surfeit of rich food and strong drink.

In this luxury the clergy of Harrison's rank did not share. Harrison was poor on forty pounds a year. He complains that the clergy were taxed more than ever, the church having become "an ass whereon every man is to ride to market and east his wallet." They paid tithes and first-fruits, and subsidies, so that out of twenty pounds of a benefice the incumbent did not reserve more than £13 6s. 8d. for himself and his family. They had to pay for both prince and laity, and both grumbled at and slandered them. Harrison gives a good account of the higher clergy; he says the bishops were loved for their painful diligence in their calling, and that the clergy of England were reputed on the Continent as learned divines, skillful in Greek and Hebrew, and in the Latin tongue. There was, however, a scarcity of preachers and ministers in Elizabeth's time, and their character was not generally high. What could be expected when covetous patrons canceled their debts to their servants by bestowing advowsons of benefices upon their bakers, butlers, cooks, grooms, pages and lackeys, when even in the universities there was cheating at elections for scholarships and fellowships, and gifts were for sale! The morals of the clergy were, however, improved by frequent conferences, at which the good were praised and the bad reproved; and these conferences were "a notable spur unto all the ministers, whereby to apply to their books, which otherwise" (as in times past) "would give themselves to hawking, hunting, tables, cards, dice, tipping at the ale-house, shooting, and other like vanities." The clergy held a social rank with tradespeople, and their daughters might go out to service. Jewell says many of them were the "basest sort of people"—unlearned fiddlers, pipers, and what not. "Not a few," says Harrison, "find fault with our threadbare gowns, as if not our patrons, but

our wives were the cause of our woe." He thinks the ministers will be better when the patrons are better, and he defends the right of the clergy to marry and to leave their goods, if they have any, to their widows and children instead of to the Church, or to some school or almshouse. What if their wives are fond, after the decease of their husbands, to bestow themselves not so advisedly as their calling requireth; do not duchesses, countesses and knights' wives offend in the like fully so often as they? And Eve, remarks the old philosopher of Radwinter, "Eve will be Eve, though Adam would say nay."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

FACTIOUSNESS.

Let no one originate or encourage a faction in Church or State. Factiousness is a great evil wherever it is found. All may, and ought to, express their views on any question that may come up for consideration, freely, but no one is justified in creating a faction, or giving countenance to a factious spirit. It is the bane of all organizations, religious, literary, political, social. Some men are determined to rule or ruin. If they cannot rule they will ruin. If they cannot have their own way, they will let no one else have his way. They will either be bell sheep, or they will not be a sheep at all. Such people are a curse to any organization with which they are unfortunately connected. They ruin any enterprise with which they become identified. They oppose a measure because it has been proposed by another, however wise and good it may be, and obtaining a sycophantic following by a few other spirits as factiously inclined as themselves, they rend the organization into fragments, set people to quarrelling who had lived in peace all their lives, stop the progress of the most beneficial enterprise, and start a train of mischief that grieves many hearts, overwhelms many families in sorrow, and transmits misery and woe even to other generations. Let all beware of encouraging a factious spirit. Let every one employ all possible endeavors to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace."—*E. G. in Lutheran and Missionary*.

GERMAN THEOLOGY.

There is a general impression in this country, that almost all Germans are more or less heretical in their theological views. Those who are of this opinion would have been considerably surprised had they attended the meetings of an important "Pastoral Conference" in Berlin last week. At the principal meeting "liberal theology" was the subject of discussion. The speaker who introduced the debate, Superintendent Kreibitz, expressed his conviction, that liberal theology is 'a parasite on the tree of living Christianity,' and added that if the tree died the parasite 'would speedily fade.' Another speaker, Herr Stöcker, a popular Court preacher, dilating on this appropriate metaphor, begged to be informed 'whether a gardener ever tolerated a parasite on a tree.' He was sure that no gardener would, and equally certain that 'liberal theology could not long be tolerated in their Church.' He had often had opportunities, he said, of talking with atheistical Socialists, and they had repeatedly assured him, that they could not accept Christianity so long as the Church included differences of view respecting vital dogma. Herr Stöcker was, therefore, in favor of any decisive measure that might be necessary to secure uniformity. Herr Hegel, son of the philosopher, and an ecclesiastical dignitary, did not see his way to such drastic counsel; but he insisted that, while unwillingly tolerating liberal theology, the Church ought vigorously to denounce it as unjustifiable in itself and deeply injurious to religion.—*London Pall Mall Gazette*.

A CHILD'S LOGIC.

A child's logic is not to be sneered at. His mind is keen enough to see the folly of much of the reasoning of his seniors. A little fellow in Connecticut asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his shrewd suggestion, in response, "you'd better take me now; for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

Family Reading.

HUSH.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
 "For my heart beats loud and fast,
 But surely in the far, far distance
 I can hear a song at last."
 "It is only the reapers singing
 As they carry home their sheaves;
 And the evening breeze has risen,
 And rustles the dying leaves."
 "Listen! there are voices talking,"
 Calmly still she strove to speak;
 Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
 And the red flushed in her cheek.
 "It is only the children playing
 Below, now their work is done,
 And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
 By the rays of the setting sun."
 Fainter grew their voices, and weaker,
 As with anxious eyes she cried,
 "Down the avenue of chestnuts
 I can hear a horseman ride."
 "It was only the deer that was feeding
 In a herd on the clover grass;
 They were startled and fled to the thicket,
 As they saw the reapers pass."
 Now the night arose in silence,
 Birds lay in their leafy nest,
 And the deer crouched in the forest,
 And the children were at rest.
 There was only a sound of weeping
 From watchers around a bed,
 But rest to a weary spirit,
 Peace to the quiet dead!

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

"I wouldn't acknowledge it to most people," a friend of mine said to me the other day, "but the fact of the matter is, I really can't talk to my children and amuse them the way you think we ought to. I don't know enough!"

Do one-half of us suspect how little the other half know?—how few real thoughts they ever have? My friend is a bright, chatty woman, as well read as the average young mother (we all know what slight meed that gives her), and a good listener. The great trouble is that she has frittered away her mind. She acknowledges that half the time she is really thinking of nothing at all; that when she is taking a walk or drive with her little ones, she lets her mind float. But now she is really anxious to rouse her boys to earnest thought, to fill their minds with facts and beautiful fancies, so that there may be no room for impure or lowering thoughts. "If we went a different drive every day," she continued, "I might get along; for Frank has a real love for beauty, and I can speak of the trees or any particular view—but I've exhausted that subject."

"Do you ever talk of the earth itself—its shape; teach a little simple geology, or refer to the wonderful law of gravitation?"

"Well!" and the little woman gives a deep sigh and looks excessively ashamed, "I know about those things, in a way, but I'm sure I couldn't make it clear to them. To tell you the truth, the minute I try to begin to tell the boys anything, I'm just astonished to find how little I really know!"

Ah! isn't that the very first thing a teacher of children finds out? How perfectly we must understand a matter to make it clear to a child! To help my friend, I told her how I had managed; and with the same idea of helping some other mother, I will tell you how I have learned by experience.

Fortunately for me, I began to talk to my first baby and to try to tell him facts long before he could answer; before any one but his foolish mamma thought he "took notice." So I learned my utter ignorance early, and began to educate myself for my boy. "Willy must learn about this or that," so mamma would read up on the subject, and a great deal of reading can be done when one has the care of a baby. The little one soon learns to associate his mother's lap with a book, and my baby often would pull some book off the table, and creeping along the floor, bring it to me as a sign he wanted me to take it.

Every mother should make a list of bright, instructive books for children, and at any sacrifice, get one or two now and then. If you are poor, so much the better, I am tempted to say; for if the children earn a book by self-denials, they will value it tenfold. Anything dramatic most children of even five or six years will thoroughly enjoy. First of all comes the Bible; its stories should be daily food, till, perhaps, after awhile your older ones will say they know them by heart and want something new. Don't be shocked, but give them something else—Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and "How they Carried the Good News from Ghent to Aix." Never fear; they will turn back to their Bible stories with fresh appetites. Longfellow is a poet children take pleasure in; and even Shakespeare, if you tell the story and read bits here and there, will

stimulate their appetites. There is an old book called "Evenings at Home," and another, "The Fairchild Family," if they are one-half as delightful as, seen through the twilight of memory, they are to me, any child will enjoy them. Such books, read aloud—not once in a while, but day after day, always beginning with a little history, Dickens's "Child's History," or Higginson's "United States"—will be sure to give you and your children something to talk of.

For my part when I consider what beautiful and interesting books are within our reach, I wonder at our talking so much; and I often take a book in the carriage, and while Willie drives, and Dick croons in his corner, I read them an account of some man who has risen above his poverty and hard circumstances, and made himself an authority among scientific men. Let your children learn very early in life the true value of money—that it is a good thing so far as it keeps us out of debt, but that the best joys, the most enduring pleasures, money can neither buy nor take from us.

If you are poor, take comfort in the fact that your children are more likely to be strong, earnest men, than if life were a very easy thing with them. A friend who, at fifteen years old, left his father's farm with fifteen dollars in his pocket, and who now stands at the very head of his profession, earning his thousands a year, said to me, "My boy shall be—" and then followed a great plan of education. Ah, thought I, your boy will never have your advantages! The want of money, so long as it does not touch actual necessities, is a good thing for a boy. Let him plan and contrive how to pay his way through college, and, even if he graduate two or three years later, he will succeed sooner than the boy whose way was made easy.

THE ANTHEM OF THE AGES.

From the first dawn of creation, when the morning stars sang together, a ceaseless song has been going up from earth to heaven, rising full and clear to join the harmony of the host, who sing around the throne. Ever varying, swelling on from age to age, the strains go up in matchless harmony, not of human voice or hand, but of the divinely human soul. In the lapse of ages, it has grown too grand for mortal ear; but, in the silence of night, or in the deep quiet of noonday, all the air grows heavy with the heavenly strains, and for a moment the soul stands still before the Lord of earth and heaven, and catches a faint perception of the grand chords which rise to His throne. Each life sings for itself its own strain, but each note finds a response somewhere in the symphony, and a thousand sympathetic tones rise in reply to a plaintive cry for help.

Some grand, heroic souls there are, whose martial song goes down into the ages in full tones, stirring every heart to noble deeds. Sorrow and suffering, care and toil, all purify the notes, which, sad and sweet, roll on in measured beat with the grand rhythm of the whole.

We, who sing to-day, are not raising our voices alone. We are singing, in a grand *Te Deum*, the song of the noble army of martyrs, the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the holy Church throughout all the world. Why should we try to sing alone the strain which the all-Father has given us to sing? Why should we not open our hearts to hear the stars sing for joy? Above all, why should we not try to attune our weak, faulty strain to the perfect song of love, sung by Him who came from out the heart of harmony, in the bosom of the Father Everlasting? J. M. C.

"I DON'T LIKE THE MINISTER."

Perhaps he does not like himself any better than you like him. Perhaps he may be thoroughly convinced that there is need of some change in his make up. But how to bring it about is the question.

We cannot see that your staying away from church will improve him. On the contrary, it will probably add to his discouragement. And discouragement is not the soil most favorable for the growth of excellence. If you would like to see your pastor abler, freer, more whole-souled and cheery, stand by him. Make him feel the stimulus of a warm friendship. It will put him upon his best for progress.

We are at a loss to see how your absence for the above reason can improve

the church. Absenteeism is not a curative. It creates many ills, but we do not know of its curing any.

Least of all, does it appear how your staying away from church and prayer meeting because you do not like the minister will help your own soul. Christian graces do not flourish under the deadly nightshade of a dominant criticism.

There is one further view to be taken. How will your continued absence from the sanctuary where you are covenanted to worship, please the Master? It is related that for us He did some things which were not pleasant. Perhaps we may in return do for Him a thing even so very hard as to attend church although we do not like the minister.

THE SIN OF WORRY.

There are men in the world who wear a girdle of fret, as trying as any friar's, to annoy themselves. They fancy that in such experience is to be found the highest fulfilment of religious duty and the truest expression of this world's probation. Some one has said that they procure their tickets, and then carry their luggage with them wherever they go, while there is provided a proper and capacious receptacle for all encumbrances. Or, what domestic infelicity this spirit of worry occasions! Mary and Martha are always in confusion—never able to comprehend one another. What business impatience and misunderstandings are inspired by this same contradiction, as it exists in common forms!

The assurance needs to be taken home by every one of us that worry is the deadly foe of the gospel and of common sense. In both the general and the special providences of God, which are revealed to us on every page of the Bible, there are distinct utterances against this tendency, by which we are all plagued. But in addition to these promises there are positive precepts, which make it most evident that anxiety has in it the very nature of sin, and is the mother of misery. However nervous, depressed, and despairing may be the tone of any one, the Lord leaves him no excuse, for there is God's promise to overbalance all these natural difficulties.

In the measure in which the Christian enjoys his privileges, rises above the things that are seen, hides himself in the refuge provided for him, will he be able to voice the confession of Paul and say, "None of these things"—however combined and confederate they may be—"none of these things move me."

CALLS FOR TENDERNESS.

Some one has said recently that we ought to have laws authorizing the killing of all persons who are afflicted with maladies both painful and incurable. Of course he was an atheist and materialist. Atheism and materialism, if prevalent, would undoubtedly lead to this thing. We shall say nothing of the difficulty of deciding whether a disease is incurable or not, since diseases pronounced incurable often yield to time and patient good sense. We shall say nothing of the loss to the world which would occur should such men as Pascal and Kane be put to death because their lives are full of suffering. There is another aspect of the question.

Until we become perfect we cannot afford to live in a world where there is no grief to be assuaged. Kill off the sufferers, so that only the strong and the young remain, and our hearts will soon become unused to pity and hard as the millstone. We need the sick, the poor, the aged, to teach us mercy and love and kindness. Think of a society in which there is no call for tenderness! Soon we should be found killing not only the miserable, but the merely inconvenient. We should scruple at no murder by which a temporary end might be gained or a temporary whim gratified. The heart made callous as the rock, would know no reluctance and no remorse.

But it is not enough for us to live in a world where there is suffering. We must bring ourselves into sympathetic contact with grief in order to be benefited by it. Into many households God has not sent the blessing of sickness; and its inmates need to go out to find that which is so necessary to their culture, and which Heaven has withheld from their own circle. And they need not go far. One who desires may find the poor, the weary, the needy, the diseased, in every place.

We know persons, however, who studiously avoid all scenes of suffering. They never attend funerals, unless courtesy absolutely demands it. They never visit the sick. If their nearest relatives require nursing, if their own children are attacked with disease, they have no large fund of sympathy and help, but spend the time in lamentations over the hardness of their lot.

We know others who seek in many ways to alleviate the griefs of mankind. We know a gentleman of wealth who encourages his children to spend a large

part of the money he gives them in articles needed at the hospitals of the city in which he lives. If young men call on them at the time appointed to visit the sick, they are asked to go also; and if they take no interest in the errand of mercy, they are set down as unworthy of special attention. When these girls travel, they take with them, as companions, some of their poor acquaintances to whom the advantages of travel are denied. Several have been permitted in this way to go through Europe; and several introduced to the best society, have formed matrimonial alliances there which they never could have made but for the considerate kindness of their wealthy friends, who were above the meanness of choosing associates exclusively from the rich. We know a church near Boston among whose members a club is formed to visit the hospitals of the city, and sing for the entertainment of the inmates, who cannot hear music at concerts or at church. We know many who contribute to help the children of the poor escape from the slums of the city in the hot weather. These are the persons who grow most in manhood and womanhood. Their hearts are made large and tender by their ministrations.

In which class shall we place ourselves? Among those who cannot look on suffering? Or among those who bear to it their help? We are persuaded that people in general go through the world without perceiving half the opportunities for the culture of tenderness which God has given them.—*Watchman.*

THE REQUEST.

BY ERMIE.

A blue-eyed maid stood wistful at my desk.
 "What is it, darling? must you have my pen?"
 "No?" Ah, this pretty paper-folder then?
 Still "no?" Your wishes, love, reveal to me,
 For half my kingdom I would grant to thee.
 "Just this small corner of the smallest drawer?"
 Why certainly, my dear; this little space
 For dolly's wardrobe will be just the place;
 And your small hand so oft unwitting weaves
 Some threads of gold to bind among my sheaves."
 One day, with curious gaze, I peeped within
 The granted space and found, what think you,
 there?
 No garments folded with doll-mother's care;
 But—O how holy was the ground I trod—
 Enshrined, alone, I found the name of God!
 Though years have passed, and I have said no
 word,
 How have I watched, with tear-filled eyes, the
 same
 Sweet, reverent love that still enshrines that Name?
 O sure the pen can never wander far
 That finds its page above that sacred drawer.
 —*Exchange.*

WHAT HELPS TO MAKE UP OUR BEING.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep, to be exposed to the darkness and the light, to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade, this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities will slumber which will make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt that makes us meditate, the death that startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the nourishment of our natural being.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

Elizabeth had returned to Hatfield. The most interesting relic of the time is her account-book from October, 1551, to September, 1552, a kind of confidant in which it is delightful to search in order to obtain some indications of character. Her cofferer was still Thomas Parry, whose reinstatement she had obtained during the summer of 1549. In truth, Sir Robert Tyrwhit, in his examination of accounts on the occasion of great and painful inquiry of January, 1549, had found the cofferer in default. But it would seem that Parry had shown himself a more trustworthy guardian of his young mistress' secrets than exact administrator of her income, and that she had forgiven him the minor offence in consideration of his more important service. Besides, it seems as if all was accurate afterward. The year's income was good enough—£5,890 sterling, worth £30,600 at the present time. Elizabeth's household was composed of thirteen gentlemen and several servants. Her personal expenditure is very small. What in the way of dress in a year are a couple of bodices at twelve pence, lining at fifteen pence, silk at four pence? We are just in the height of Puritan strictness. A Bible at twenty shillings—another Bible and some other books

at twenty-seven shillings—no books of light reading—some presents to lute and harp players—as alms, a little more than seven pounds—a sum that may be considered as sufficiently remarkable in comparison with the excessive parsimony afterward displayed on this head. On the whole account this budget balances with a credit of fifteen hundred and seven pounds in favor of the receipts. It is creditable to know how to keep accounts and not get into difficulties. But the whole gives us an impression of almost deception, as if under a smiling country, volcanic rock were found at the first blow of a pick.—*From Youth of Queen Elizabeth, by Louis Wiesener.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—It is said that a lady in Springfield, Mass., has been making some interesting experiments in putting up canned goods without cooking. Heating the fruit tends more or less to the injury of the flavor, and the lady referred to has found that by filling the cans with fruit and then with pure cold water, allowing them to stand until all the confined air has escaped, the fruit will, if then sealed perfectly, keep indefinitely, without change or loss of original flavor.

UNPLEASANT EFFECTS OF PERSPIRATION.—Never venture on the use of lotions or washes, or trust to perfumery to remove the disagreeable odor sometimes resulting from perspiration. The best remedy is simple and perfectly safe. Put about one tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia in a basin of clear water, and wash face, hands, arms, and under the arms particularly, and lastly the feet, and the skin will be fresh and sweet as one could desire. Any physician will assure you that no harm can follow. Be particular to give special attention to the washing under the arms and the feet, for here the odor from perspiration is most noticeable.

PROLONGING THE BLOOM.—No plant can continue to bloom if Nature is permitted to do her work completely, for the going to seed exhausts the energies of any subject and stops everything else. By constantly removing decaying flowers before a seed-pod can swell the growth of the plant, and the continued development of new buds and flowers upon the new growth are matters of course. Try the experiment upon the China rose. Two cottages, having fine plants covering their fronts, being in the hands of two different persons, frequently exhibit the most striking contrast—one a mass of flowers, while the other is bare; and those who pay no attention to the cause are, nevertheless, often surprised at the fact. If they would look a little further into the matter, they would observe that the one is loaded with hips or seed vessels, which are swelling in great numbers, while on the other not a solitary berry could be seen. In the one case every bloom was trimmed off as fast as it faded; in the other they took their chance. So it will be found in many other cases. It is only necessary to cut away the dead flowers, and the season of bloom will be prolonged.—*The Farm.*

CLEAR COOL WATER.—Filtered water can be produced easily by taking a large, sound common earthen flower-pot, and soaking it in water twenty-four hours. Then fill the hole at the bottom with clean sponge, put in an inch layer of fine clean sand, and on the top a layer of clean coarse gravel, and let the water filter through it. When it is desirable to filter water quickly, for immediate use, employ the following method: Put a quart of clean water over the fire and just bring it to a boil; remove it and strain it three or four times through flannel; cool it and keep it for use in a covered jar or pitcher.

An effective ice-box can be made by placing one tight box within another, leaving a space of three inches between the sides of the two, to be filled with pounded charcoal or sawdust. Each box must have a tight lid, and between the space of the covers a piece of flannel of several folds should be laid. The outflow of the drippings of the ice should be arranged at the bottom of the box, and it will be all the better if the pipe that is inserted for this purpose is curved or twisted a little to keep out the air. A coarse woolen cover should be placed over the ice, and when the quantity is small it is an excellent plan to fill glass bottles with water early in the morning, and keep them well corked and laid upon the ice until needed for drinking. If no ice can be obtained and there is no cold spring water close at hand, very cold water can be obtained by filling a large earthen jar with it and putting it in the shade in a good current of air and wrapping the jar in a very thick woolen cloth (an old coat will answer for an outer wrap) and keeping it constantly wet. This causes evaporation of heat and cools the water finely.

Miscellaneous.

IN THE MINSTER.

Up spring, ye arches, to His praise,
And you, ye painted windows, blaze.
So cast on pillars pale and floor
Colors of like brilliant dye,
As nature from her lavish store
Poureth across the sunset sky.
Rise, clustered shafts, and high upbear
Weak human thought and feeble pray'r.
Thunder, O organ! let your sound
Circle beyond the farthest bound
Of these restraining, massy walls:
Break through the fretted vault, and make
Fuller music in heavenly halls.
Ye carved pinnacles, upraise
Your clustered leaf and tendrils' maze,
Thus pointing, as a fountain toss'd,
Skywards, to where the colored height
Of roof, with mimic branches crost,
Golden, glows down upon the sight.
Yes, each mute stone, take up a voice
In a grand anthem to rejoice,
Peal forth an endless hymn of praise,
Perpetual, chanting through the days
The glory of the King of kings.
Yet all that love and art can bring
Will never half His glory sing;
Nor ever find oblation meet
To be laid down at Jesus' feet.

—Sunday Magazine.

For the Messenger.

WILD FLOWERS.

The popular study of botany has had its ups and downs as well as all other terrestrial things. In early times plants seem to have had few attractions beyond the medical virtues supposed to reside in them, and to this day Centaurea, Gentiana, Euphorbia, and many other familiar flowers merely indicate by their names, as Chiron, the Centaur, Gentius, the Illyrian King, and Euphorbus, a Physician,—all men who discovered what they supposed to be medical properties in the plants so named. Our own race then were, as regards flowers, like the Indians are now, conversant with flowers only through their "medicine men." In later times the more polished Greeks threw more of an interest around flowers than the mere food or clothing which plants could afford. From bare "fig-leaves," vulneraries, and emetics, they advanced. Flowers were made emblems of ideas, and elements in stories, some of them perhaps grossly told from the stand-point of our times, but generally with a good moral beneath them all. The gods and goddesses were made to walk among flowers, to love flowers, and often when they died—or rather when their time for translation came, for they never died—they were turned into flowers. *Anemone*, *Narcissus*, *Hyacinth*, are all flowers which, according to these old stories, were once something more than human, but walked the earth like men.

To the monks and nuns of the middle ages, the love of flowers owes much. They saw their beauty, as the Greeks did. To them flowers told the same truthful tales. They did not indeed disregard the more substantial dainties they found in them. They took wild weeds of no beauty, and out of them developed the pansy and carrot, the cabbage, beet, cauliflower, asparagus, and many other things, which they kept within their convent walls. They kept these to themselves, and gave the flowers to the saints. They saw emblems of the crucifixion in the Passion flower, and in the splendors of the Marygold, and the pretty cross-like flowers of the Hypericum, saw the sacred eras of their religion renewed again. St. John's wort, St. Peter's wort, the Michaelmass daisy, and others which still retain their holy names, tell us of monkish study, and monkish devotion to flowers that we should perhaps have known of in no other way. The Reformation brought with it the revulsion to strong common sense. The beautiful had been so perverted that a plain whitewashed wall, and rough hewed logs were good enough to worship under, and a broad-brimmed hat good enough to wear. Had the reformers of that time had the making of the world, it is probable that never a bird would have been allowed to sing or a bud to blow. It was a natural revulsion. It was necessary to go into an extreme in order to protest, and protest they did to their full soul. And thus, the botany of this era is devoid of all soul. The works of that age are all "Herbals," and tell us of plants good for colds and pains, or to drive away witches.

With Linnæus a new era was ushered in. This great man, whose two hundredth birthday has just been royally celebrated in his native Sweden, as Washington's would be with us, breathed a soul of poetry into botany that it had never known before. He typified flowers as of home and family, with husbands, and wives, and children; and thousands fell in love with his sexual system, who never would have had a thought of botany before. The system

was beautiful; but it would not hold, and the more's the pity. The "natural orders" followed the Linnæan "sexual classes." There is no doubt of its being the true system of nature, but it is dry and hard. It was lovely and easy to be a botanist in Linnæus' time, but only those of Herculean courage attack it now. To be sure we have it taught in all our leading schools. The young people go through a whole dictionary of hard words in the "glossary," and as they grow older, and go to the woods for natural flowers, they have a glimmering consciousness that they "studied botany at school." There is not an intelligent man or woman now who does not want to know something of nature, and desires to have on the library shelves something about flowers that is easily understandable; but who generally exclaims, on a full survey of the field, "Botany is too hard for me!"

Those who have waited and hoped that the time would come when they might know something of botany without spending a lifetime to learn it, may derive some comfort from "The Flowers and Ferns of the United States," now being issued by "The American Natural History Publishing Company, Limited," of Philadelphia, and of which Thomas Meehan is the Editor. The Prospectus tells us that he is Professor of Botany to the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, and Vice-President of the well-known Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, but to the great body of the people he will need no better introduction than as plain Thomas Meehan, the twenty-year editor of the *Gardeners' Monthly*. This work is issued in parts with four plates in each part, the plates so perfect an imitation of nature under the well-known chromo-lithographic press of Prang & Co., that one cannot but wonder at mere machinery ever being brought to paint flowers so well. Then we have sixteen pages of letter-press, on the best of paper and in the perfection of the typographic art, and all for fifty cents; the whole work of ninety-six chapters complete for twelve dollars! In these chapters the strict botanist is not forgotten, but all that he wants to know is put into a dozen or so of lines of small type, and the whole chapter is really addressed to the intelligent person in every walk of life. The classical scholar, the historian, the poet, the architect, the designer, the physician, the cultivator and admirer of flowers in every sense, all in turn may derive profit from its pages. Though a work by a botanist, it is not a botanical work, and though it is a work which every botanist must have, it is really in no sense a class book. Though written by a specialist, it is one of those rare productions which must be an essential part of every American library that has any pretension to be up with the times.

It is a great pleasure to know that this attempt to popularize botany in this cheap and yet luxurious style has had its origin in the United States. Letters which we have had the privilege of reading from distinguished foreigners candidly acknowledge that nothing like it has appeared in their lands. Among these letters of commendation we note some from Professor De Candolle of Geneva, who is probably the prince of botanists at the present time; the accomplished Comte de Paris, grandson of King Louis Philippe, and whose "History of the American War," has made him beloved by the American people; Dr. Maxwell T. Masters, the well-known English author; William Robinson, author of "Parks and Gardens of Paris"; Shirley Hibberd, the popular author of many works of taste and art; Baron Ferdinand von Müller, the Australian explorer and botanist, and others. And then in our own country the work has been especially commended by Professor Asa Gray, Alphonso Wood, and numerous other botanical leaders, as well as by intelligent writers in every department of American life.

It is a pleasure to give these facts, because we believe they mark a new era in the history of Botany, and in general popular culture. Aided by a work like this there is no difficulty in knowing something about wild flowers. With this book even a child may be attracted to floral nature, and even the best educated will find something they will only be too glad to learn.

SMOKE-WASHING.

The English, says the *Advertiser*, have been experimenting for some time past with an invention designed to remove one of the chief nuisances of large manufacturing towns. It washes the dense black smoke of the tall chimneys; makes it so white that it does not soil a pocket-handkerchief, and obviates the necessity for chimneys higher than those of ordinary houses. Pollution of the atmosphere by injurious gases, it is claimed, will be prevented; disagreeable odors will be destroyed; the unsightli-

ness of the black and ubiquitous smoke will be removed.

A patent has been taken out on the English invention, and a description of the process is made public. After the dense and gas laden smoke leaves the furnace, before it enters the chimney, it passes through a flue and over a tank of water holding soda ash in solution. Paddle-wheels, with fans just touching the water, are suspended over the tank, the number varying with the size of the establishment. Set in rapid motion, these wheels dash the water up in a fine spray, which washes the smoke hastening on its way to the chimney. Successive screens of lath, down which the water trickles as it returns to the tank, afford additional facilities for the detention of the impurities in the smoke. The revolution of the paddle-wheels in the direction in which the smoke is moving increases the draft, and insures more uniform heat in the furnace.

So pure has the smoke been made by this process that persons have breathed with safety over the top of a chimney, and a handkerchief, which becomes instantly black with soot when held in the smoke before cleansing, remains perfectly white when held in the purified smoke at the top of a chimney. So it is confidently claimed that there is no need of building chimneys higher than the ordinary level in order to carry impurities into the upper atmosphere.

At the present stage of the invention it is costly to introduce. For a large establishment the estimated cost of the apparatus and setting it up is three thousand dollars. No use is yet made of the material which is washed from the smoke, but there is said to be reason for believing that the sulphates and sulphites of soda produced in the water and the lampblack will pay largely, if not entirely, the cost of maintaining the machinery.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp is in the heart of Europe. It is itself a curiosity worthy of study. The sights it presents are all strange. American ears are unused to the prevailing language, which is not French, German or Dutch, but Flemish. The immediate approach to the city is strikingly beautiful. At Flushing, four hours distant, we enter the Scheldt, on either side of which we see a panoramic procession, glimpses and sometimes quaint and charming views of Dutch villages. Nearer the city the river becomes the boundary between Holland and Belgium; the dykes seem to be lower, and we can view more closely the passing scenes with all their Flemish minuteness of detail. The view of Antwerp, with its grand old cathedral, and the new quarter of the city as we have them from the outer harbor, is, I think, finer than that of any city I have ever entered from the sea, though not so picturesque as that of San Francisco when entered after the street lamps have been lighted and the whole hillside on which the city stands seems to have been illuminated for a joyous occasion. Here one need not travel far for novelties. The costumes of the Paysannes are not only novel, but picturesque, or grotesque as it may happen, and the pursuits in which many of them are employed surprise a Philadelphian. While the steamer was hauling into her berth, and before officers had come to examine the trunks, I had noticed one of three women, over whose shoulders, hung from a wooden yoke, large tin vessels of water, from which she refreshed thirsty laborers at the rate of a centime, or one-fifth of a cent, per glass, and every one of them that stood or walked upon the quay and did not carry or attend a child how deep soever she might be in gossip or dispute, plied her knitting needles as rapidly as did her less voluble neighbors; and before we reached the hotel we saw that the women of the humbler classes all knit as they walk, and that old women, whose wooden shoes and rude occupation offered strange contrast to their immaculate lace caps with side pendants falling to their shoulders, were employed indifferently with men in sweeping the streets. In England the little donkey and his cart attract attention, but we have all seen their counterparts at home, while it is a strange sight to see dogs, even of less than medium size, commonly used as substitute for a donkey or horse. But here the slender girl who as porter pulls a hand-cart, the matron who serves milk from door to door or vends vegetables, and the burly fellow who pushes a load heavy enough for a horse, all avail themselves of the assistance of a dog or dogs. Every change of scene in the old part of the city illustrates the moral of Burns' *Twa Dogs*, for though large ones are sometimes used as beasts of burden throughout Holland and Germany, nowhere else is the aristocratic dog more petted and fondled or his plebeian kinsman more hardly worked than in Antwerp.—*Hon. W. D. Kelley, in Phila. Times.*

THE PURPLE OF THE ANCIENTS.

The purple of the ancients has lately been studied by Mr. Edward Schunck. Summing up the results of the investigations of Reaumur, Dutramel, Bancroft, and Cole regarding this dye, which was obtained from various kinds of shell-fish, he says:—"It is a secretion like pus found in a small whitish cyst under the shell, close to the head of the animal. This matter, when applied to white linen and exposed to the light of the sun, changes from yellow through light green, dark green, and blue, to purplish red or crimson, evolving meanwhile an odor of garlic or asafetida. Daylight is so essential to this reaction that the secretion, if kept in the dark, will preserve its original hue for years, but will then change when exposed to light. The alternation of color is not promoted by heat, and the transition will go on in a vacuum or in the presence of hydrogen or nitrogen gas. Soap alkalies and most of the acids have no effect upon the color finally produced, but nitric acid and chlorine will destroy it." Mme. A. and G. Negri have lately obtained a red and blue coloring substance from a species of murex. Mr. Schunck himself made many experiments with the matter taken from the shell fish called *Purpura lapillus*, found at low water on the rocks near Hastings, England. It changes from pale yellow to purple, without being applied to linen, if it is subjected to light, and does so even when boiling. The chromogel can be completely extracted by alcohol and ether from the pounded cysts. The golden solution thus obtained becomes purple when exposed to light, and ultimately precipitates a granular and crystalline powder, insoluble in water, alcohol, and ether, slightly soluble in boiling benzol and boiling glacial acetic acid, easily soluble in boiling aniline, and yielding a sublimate of crystals of a metallic lustre, and having edges of a deep indigo-blue color when heated between watch glasses. As the author believes that the coloring matter belongs to an unknown member of the indigo-blue group, he proposes to call it "punicoin."

MARRIAGE AMONG THE AUSTRALIANS.

In Australia, as elsewhere, a tie of more or less permanence and acknowledged validity binds men to their partners. Marriage, again, is surrounded as among civilized people, by laws of "forbidden degrees," which are very curious, very little understood, and which in many ways resemble while in others they seem to differ from the laws of other undeveloped peoples. Wives are chiefly taken by exchange. The dominant male of a group—father, eldest brother or uncle—has the customary right of swapping away the young woman in the group in exchange for other young women whom it is lawful for him to marry. It is clear that old men with families have the best chances of getting more wives; while young men with no sisters are likely to remain bachelors. If this system worked itself out, each tribe would consist of a few overgrown harem and a set of wild bachelors. As it happens, young men and women revolt against the old, and voluntary elopements or marriages by capture are common. The course of true love runs anything but smooth. The lover is exposed to the "ordeal of spears," which are hurled at him by the relatives of the lady. The runaway bride is beaten, perhaps her feet are speared, to prevent her from running away again. If a young pair are courageous and true to each other, however, the sympathy of the group usually comes round to them, and they enter on peaceful married life. It has been said that the old men sometimes give wives to the young, who thus "take stock," as the Irish said, and become, in a way, the vassals of the old fellows. Society in Australia is not sufficiently advanced for it; but, according to some authorities, a very Australian state of things prevails in rural Russia.—*Saturday Review.*

Selections.

God being what He is, His Church must be secure for time and for eternity.

We cannot have fertilizing showers on the earth without a clouded heaven above. It is thus with our trials.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it.—*Shafesbury.*

Keep the fire of life bright at the centre, and all the experiences of earth will be powerless to kill, or even greatly to shake your peace.

Give thanks for your dear friends who, though they have been separated from you, are now beyond the reach of shipwreck—home at last, and at home forever.

A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm—in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast as it ought.—*Mason.*

Science and Art.

Late discoveries in England show that fine Bessemer steel may be made from phosphoric iron ore. An important fact.

Fossil remains of the common Greenland seal have been obtained from the Champlain clay beds of the Ottawa valley, in Canada.

The ancient black glass of the Venetians is now so closely imitated as to defy detection. The process is to use a mixture of sand and sulphur, with an addition of fifteen per cent. of manganese.

A recent number of the *Building News* contains the following remarks on picture-frames: "There is more than is at first sight apparent in a frame. It has not merely to form a setting to the picture, it ought to be in harmony with it. A picture in a low scale of color is spoiled by a bright gold margin, while for a painting glowing with bright and intense colors, a large gold frame is the best corrective. Some paintings look better in dull, unburnished, gilt frames, others in burnished ones; but the shape, ornament, and moldings have much to do with the effect. For decorative subjects, the common rocco frame of the old style is often completely ruinous. The style and sentiment of the painter's work should be considered in the designing of frames.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF WOOD.—One of the causes of the many fires which are generally assigned to "a defective flue" gave rise to an interesting discussion at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences. M. Cosson described an accident which had occurred in his laboratory a few days before. While working, a portion of the floor spontaneously took fire. The boards were in the vicinity of an air hole, fed with warm air from a stove fifteen feet away on the floor below. A similar accident occurred two years ago, and in consequence the boards adjoining the air hole were replaced by a slab of marble. The boards which now ignited adjoined the marble, but the heat to which they were subjected was very moderate, being only that of warm air at about 80° Fahrenheit. Nevertheless, M. Cosson said the wood had undoubtedly been slowly carbonized.

Personal.

Mr. Stanley is on his way to Zanzibar with a commission from the King of the Belgians to reorganize the Belgian African expedition.

Hon. John Welsh, Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James, has resigned, much to the regret of the people whose interests he so ably represented.

The Bey of Tunis has opened an Arabic printing office. His director is likewise editor of the only paper published in his dominions.

A Professor Miklosich has concluded from a close investigation of language relationships that the gypsies originated in one of the countries bordering on the northwest of India proper.

It is said that Dr. Leland, the Amherst graduate, who at the request of the Japanese minister of education was sent out to establish the gymnastic system in the Normal school at Tokio, has been very successful in his efforts.

Rev. Samuel Laird, who for twelve years has been pastor of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church on Seventh Avenue, Pittsburgh, has received a call to St. Mark's Church, in this city. He has accepted the call, and proposes to remove to Philadelphia in September.

Books and Periodicals.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of THE LIVING AGE for the weeks ending July 26 and August 2 respectively, contain the following articles: The Talmud, *Church Quarterly Review*; Malta, and Chertsey's Letters to his Son, *Fortnightly Review*; Food and Feeding, by Sir Henry Thompson, and Our Wheat-Fields in the North-West, *Nineteenth Century*; Gray and his School, *Cornhill*; Benjamin Franklin, *Contemporary*; Patronized by Royalty, *Mayfair*; A New Caledonian Rising, *All the Year Round*; Oxygen in the Sun, *Spectator*; with the continuation of JEAN INGELW's "Sarah de Berenger," MISS KEARY's "Doubting Heart," and Sarah Tytler's "The Bride's Pass," and the usual amount of Poetry.

For fifty-two such numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., publishers.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.—Three illustrated articles grace the August number, the first being a series of selections by the Editor, entitled "Summer with the Poets," the second an historical description of "Prague," by Prof. J. H. Worman; and the third an account of "Lady Jane Grey," by Mrs. E. S. Martin. Prof. Wm. Wells writes of "Catholicism at the Bar of France," Rev. T. H. Pearne, D. D., furnishes a sketch of "Jamaica," and D. C. Macdonald gives an interesting picture of the "Bodleian Library." The story of "My Land of Beulah," is continued, and one or two other selected articles are included in the number. The "Silhouette," by Henry Gillman, is a little poem of striking beauty. The Editorial Miscellany is, as usual, full of good things.

*The National Repository is published monthly at Three Dollars a year, post-paid, by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.

The August *Widdow* will prove a rich vacation treat to its hosts of readers, young and old. It opens with a cool-looking frontispiece of some barefoot boys angling over the mill dam, and is followed by the poem which it illustrates, "Willy's Mishap," by Elizabeth W. Dennison. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop tells a story of "One Cent," betraying in it a vein of her father's genius. This is followed by "The Flower School at Corlear's Hook," by Mrs. Dickenson, beautifully illustrated with nine engravings by Miss Lathbury. E. L. Bynner, the author of *Nimrod and Tritons*, has a charming sketch, daintily illustrated, entitled "The Trump's Dinner Party." Mrs. Parsons, also, has a good story, "Only Fifteen." Chief of the attractions, however, is the rollicking six-page Classic of Babyland, "The Three Pigs," by Clara Doty Bates, with its nineteen funny illustrations by "Boz." Almost as funny is the poem furnished by Mrs. Lizzy W. Champney, entitled "Retaliation," and illustrated by her husband, "Champ." There are two other poems with exquisite drawings, "The Silver Boat," by Mrs. Butts, with picture by Miss Humphrey, and "Baby Thankful," by Caroline Motaif, illustrated by Katherine Pierson, who also makes the picture for Kate Colby's pretty story of "Sugar River." There is a funny negro "Story of a Hoe-Cake." Capital installments of the three serials, St. Olave's (an exciting baseball chapter), "The Dogberry Banquet," and "Don Quixote, Jr.," besides No. VIII. of our "American Artists," relative to T. W. Wood, with portrait and studio drawn by the artist himself.

\$2.00 a year. 20 cents a number. Ella Farman, Editor, D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The Messenger.

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REV. A. R. KREMER,
Synodical Editors.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1879.

CARNIVALS OF CRIME.

Evil, like unto good, seems to have its seasons of revival; its harvests as well as its seed-time. The old adage that "misfortunes come not singly," seems to be confirmed by experience, and observation will show any one that disasters by land and by sea often follow one another in quick succession, as if the prince of the power of the air were making especial onsets. This will not be considered strange, if we remember that the dark and malign kingdom of Satan is fully organized, and that the mystery of sin works side by side with the mystery of grace. It seems to us that this fact has been singularly illustrated within the past week or two, as often before. The secular papers which chronicle current events, are filled, not only with accidents causing terrible loss of property and life; but with defalcations, elopements, divorces, suicides, and murders, until the outcroppings of suppressed evil frighten one with the possibilities of what may yet come, and take away all feeling of safety.

It is Satan's policy, at times, to gather up his forces and throw them upon men, in such a way as to surprise and discourage them. It is a consolation to know that God is "above the Devil," or we might well despair.

STRENGTHEN THE THINGS THAT REMAIN.

"In all New England the Reformed (German) Church has but a single congregation, which was established in Boston, perhaps twenty-five years ago, by pastor L. B. Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz is carrying a heavy church debt, for which every dollar of his individual property is liable, and unless he can receive help, he must finally succumb, and the valuable church property, located in the heart of the city (only about 600 or 800 feet from the Boston Common) be utterly lost."

We clip the above from the "Church items" in the *Methodist*, with the acknowledgment, that we were startled and humiliated by it, even though the fact set forth is an undeniable one, gleaned from our own columns. At times it seems to us, that the only notice taken of our Church is when some such palpable deficiency is brought into view. It is discouraging, of course, in this age, when the progress of Christ's kingdom is judged only by the way in which a kind of worldly enterprise carries it forward, to have no recognition of hard work and quiet growth, and only flaming reminders of deficiencies in certain directions.

But we are not disposed to set down such notices to malice. Our Church has made her own deficiencies prominent, in order that they might be seen and corrected, and even if these should be heralded in a wrong spirit; a Church, like an individual, if truly humble, ought to learn wisdom from its enemies, and make amends for those things that may cause her good to be evil spoken of. It may indeed be galling to have some things, not to our credit, paraded before the Christian world, but, upon the whole, we are thankful to our contemporary for taking a fact and itemizing it in such a way as to make it palpable to all, and especially to those against whom it virtually makes a charge of dereliction. Often such statements may have explanations which would be accepted as a palliation, if not an entire exoneration, but let us not try to cover up any fault under that plea. Let us rather see

whether there has not been a deficiency which we are bound to correct.

The field upon which our Church has developed in the East, has, in the main, been South of the State of New York. We have some churches in the northwest of that State, but only one German and no English interest in this great commercial metropolis of the nation. Dr. Busche seems to stand alone in New York city. For some reason or other, our interests there have been neglected until it would now require so large an outlay to begin the work, that the thought of it is discouraging. Our church-members, who have gone there from other localities, have become identified with other denominations, and it would require great toil and expense through years to get a proper foothold.

The same is true in regard to other large places. In Boston Bro. Schwartz has labored long and earnestly, although almost as much detached as if in a foreign field. We have often admired the way he has held on to his work, in spite of his isolation. At times, through years past, he has come before our Synod to report upon his work, and raise his Macedonian cry. The field was large and inviting, and we cannot but agree with those who think, that it would have been better if some of the missionary funds of the Church, had been expended upon that point. It may not be too late for us to do something in that direction yet, although a large and prominent interest was recently handed over to the denominational care of others.

The interest which Bro. Schwartz, has been holding against all odds is too important, to be surrendered by reason of the indifference of the Church at large. And unless some prompt substantial aid is furnished him, our people may find out when too late, how much they have lost. Besides this, there is now a fine opening for an additional minister in Boston, and one should be sent and sustained. We have learned incidentally, that this subject was recently presented to the Board of Missions, and that the only difficulty in the way was the want of funds. If that be the case, the question arises, Why is there a lack in this regard? The plea of poverty is, perhaps, an overstrained one. Many of our people have suffered losses, but they are regaining financial strength, and there are besides, hundreds who might of their abundance come forward and put this interest upon a solid basis. We think, that, if the Peace Commission succeeds, so that confidence is restored and men, instead of pulling in different directions, will forget all else and work for the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ, there will be no difficulty on this point. And this is one great reason why this Commission should succeed.

AN APPEAL FOR THE ORPHANS.

In the account, given in our issue of last week, of the late anniversary of the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa., we referred to the indebtedness still resting upon the institution, and also stated that an appeal was made by the President of the Board of Managers in its behalf. A worthy elder present at once proposed to be one of forty to contribute one hundred dollars each, for the purpose of liquidating the \$4,000 still due on the property, as purchase money. The proposition was received with much favor, and a considerable interest seemed to be awakened at once in the bosoms of many present, and an earnest desire was cherished that the plan might succeed.

The President of the Board, encouraged by the interest manifested, is about to have an earnest effort made to carry the plan into effect. A communication from him on the subject, will be found in another part of our present issue. We invite to it, the special attention of the benevolent among our readers. The cause is certainly a worthy one. It is such as appeals at once to our Christian sympathies. It must be sustained, and for this purpose, every philanthropic heart will cheerfully render such aid as may be in his power. Let the favorable responses come in at once, and that, in such numbers, that even more than the proposed aggregate will soon be reached! Such a result will be a great cause for

gratitude and joy. The Home should be supported with such general and hearty liberality, as will soon place it in a position to fill its many vacant rooms with the poor children of the Church, and rear them for their country and their God. F.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Traveling by means of horse and carriage is very ancient; but we opine that it will not be abandoned so long as there remains a hill or valley that is not traversed by the steam engine. Even if the fond dream of aerial navigation should ever be realized, and means be effected for skipping from place to place through the air, there will still be some prudent people, who will prefer to move along, near terra firma, in the old family carriage. So here we go—the whole household in a very small house, on wheels, and faithful "Bird" pulling us along.

The genial Harbaugh had his muse stirred up by preparations going on through his house for the summer visit.

"Wife and the little folks

Going away,

Some time to stay.

Get the trunk and pack it,

Press it full and rack it.

~~~~~

Going off to grandpa's,

Going off to grandma's,

Laughing all, and glad,—

Why should they be sad?"

But not going himself, he became oppressed by a feeling of loneliness; and thus his muse utters his complaint:

"Wish I had gone likewise,

Lonely staying this wise.

But I can't go now—

Hard it is, I vow!

What a doleful house!

Hark!—'tis but a mouse—

Seems so queer

No one is here.

'Tis for a noise I pant and sigh—

Want to hear the children cry!"

It is Saturday, July 5th, our objective point is Petersburg (York Springs), in Adams county, where we remain over Sunday. We attend, with our friends, the services of the Episcopal church in the morning. It is Holy Communion day. The report, after preaching an excellent sermon, invites all Christians, of whatever name, to come and partake. The invitation is accepted by quite a number, and at least half of the communicants are not members of the Episcopal Church. Quite liberal, we thought, and very pleasant to see such unity among God's people. In the afternoon we heard a candidate for the vacant Presbyterian pulpit. In the evening, according to previous arrangement, we tried to fill the same pulpit (not as a candidate), and found it very pleasant to meet thus with brethren of the Scotch race and faith. This community is remarkable for the intelligence, courtesy and good morals of the people. If Dr. Harbaugh had ever sojourned in the place, he would probably have expressed himself as he once did in our study at Pattonville: "I hope these nice people will never have a railroad to introduce among them vice, corrupt politicians, and such stuff." But the good people of Petersburg seem to have no fears on that point; for already the ground is broken and partly graded for a new road, which, it is hoped, will be so extended that it will become a competing trunk line between Baltimore and the East. There is no Reformed church in this place; but the York Springs charge, under the pastoral care of Bro. Wanner, borders on the village and spreads out from it, having a confirmed membership of nearly three hundred. So that the Reformed material in this section of the county is no doubt equal to that of any other denomination, and in the future may prove to be a strong arm of our Zion.

As we proceed on our journey, we pass quite an imposing brick church, five miles from Petersburg. It is called the Franklin Church, and is Reformed and Lutheran. In ancient times, or at least as far back as we can remember, the Reformed pastor was Rev. Daniel Riegel, of Dillsburg, three miles further on; and strange to say, he is pastor to this day. Until a few years ago he preached altogether in the German language; but the interests of his charge compelled him to yield to the increasing urgency

of the demand for English services. This was a great trial to the good old pastor; not because he was deficient in the knowledge and use of English, but because he imagined that he was. He has two flourishing congregations, devoted to their pastor, and united in the sentiment, that if the young are to be saved to the Reformed Church they must be ministered to in the language which they understand.

And now we come to Churchtown, where, twenty years ago, on the last Sunday in July, we preached our first sermon as pastor of the Mechanicsburg charge. Our "Bird" turns in at Grandpa's, without guidance; for she knows the place. K.

## WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

Widow Van Cott does not seem to have succeeded to her satisfaction, financially, and besides has been told, that she was an intermeddler, whose services could be dispensed with. According to reports, she "lately conducted a revival in the Hedding Methodist Church, at Poughkeepsie. Owing to the heat or some other cause, the congregations were not large, nor the conversions numerous. At the end of twelve days, the Widow closed the campaign, and a collection was taken up for her benefit. The yield was \$36, which was sent to her by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, the pastor. The money was returned to him at once, with the following note: 'If that was intended as compensation for twelve days' severe toil, allow me, in the name of Him whom I serve, to say, with Christian love, I return it with my compliments. I prefer toiling without money or price, rather than bear so gross an insult to my toils.' The pastor wrote back to the Widow, reminding her that she had come to Poughkeepsie on her own suggestion, and that no promise of remuneration had been made by the Church. As to the amount of the collection, he said: 'It is about the same that I received for the same length of time, with this difference. Out of my salary I must support a large family, while your expenses in a beautiful home are paid by the Church. The size of your congregations must, to one of your intelligence, prove that your popularity has waned, and your influence for good in Poughkeepsie has almost gone.' The letters were read in a public meeting, at which both Mrs. Van Cott and Mr. Lewis were present. Mrs. Van Cott approached Mr. Lewis and said: 'Dear brother, I forgive you.' To which Mr. Lewis calmly, but firmly replied: 'Sister Van Cott, you have tried to separate the members of my Church and create trouble here,' and then left her."

## THE CHURCH AT BUTLER, PA.

On a cold day in December, 1867, in company with a number of ministerial brethren, we traveled in an old-fashioned stage coach, from Freeport, on the Allegheny river, to the ancient town of Butler, the county town of Butler county. It was to several of the party an unknown land. We had only heard of it as "the land of buckwheat cakes and hoop-poles." We were going to assist in the consecration of St. Paul's Orphan Home—an institution that has since done much good, in a humble way, for the Church and the world.

During our stay we attended a special meeting at St. Paul's Classis, in the Reformed church at Butler. The congregation then owned quite a fine brick structure, the building of which had been commenced under the pastorate of the Rev. F. W. Dechant, by whom the organization had been effected. The work was completed under the pastorate of the Rev. C. A. Limberg, who succeeded brother Dechant, and the church was formally given to the Lord in 1865. At this time the communicant membership numbered about twenty-two. At the close of brother Limberg's pastorate, in 1868, the number had increased to seventy.

Up to this point the affairs of the congregation had been managed without much friction. Success had attended the work of the Lord among the people, and there did not seem to be any good reason why St. Paul's church, at Butler,

should not become strong and influential. But the spirit of German independency began to manifest itself. Dissatisfaction with the government and order of the Church, and a desire to be free of all ecclesiastical authority asserted its disintegrating power. The charter was changed; a law-suit followed, which was decided by the Supreme Court in favor of the authority of the Church. The congregation, disintegrated, and almost destroyed, was then vacant for two years. The property was then sold by the Sheriff for an old debt incurred in building. This was the death-blow. The congregation, for all practical purposes, had died some time before. It was now buried out of sight, and spoken of only as that which had been. Its church, owned and occupied by another denomination, stood as a monument of the folly, perversity and wickedness of human nature.

A little more than two years ago, the Rev. T. F. Stauffer became Superintendent of the St. Paul's Orphan Home. Under direction of the Allegheny Classis he undertook the work of starting a new interest in Butler. An old church, owned by the English Lutheran congregation, was purchased. It was re-modeled, and in August, 1878, it was dedicated to the service of the Triune God, free of debt. In this neat and comfortable church a congregation was organized with thirty-one members. Under brother Stauffer's pastoral care and oversight, the number has increased to fifty-eight, and the prospects for the future are encouraging.

May the Lord prosper the church at Butler, and may all who undertake to subvert the truths of the gospel, and to subject the Church of Christ to selfish purposes, learn that His kingdom will prevail, and that the works of the wilfully disobedient will be confounded. B.

## THE TUNKER COLLEGE.

Some time ago we mentioned the fact, that the Tunkers were making a movement in the direction of higher education for their ministers and people. This movement has resulted in the purchase, from the Methodists, of Mount Morris Seminary, Illinois, which is to be opened as a Seminary and Collegiate Institute. Preparatory instruction is to be given in the academy, and classical, eclectic, and commercial courses are provided for in college. The prospectus announces, that all pupils will be required to dress plainly. No dress hats, or tucks, ruffles, etc., or jewelry will be allowed. No holiday will be given in the scholastic year, except Christmas Day. The college is unendowed. The professors have been chosen from other denominations. In selecting them, ability to teach, rather than peculiarity of faith, has been considered. The only restriction put upon them is conformity to rule in matters of garb.

## THE GUARDIAN.

The August number of this monthly, made its appearance in due season. It is one of much interest and variety. The editorial notes, with which it opens, are entertaining and refreshing, and occupy considerable more space than usual. An article entitled "Life and Adventures in Japan," by the Editor, will be read with much zest, especially at this time, when the Reformed Church has its attention prominently directed to this interesting mission field. The poetical effusion, from the pen of I. R. Penny-packer, entitled "The Old Church at the Trappe," is a production of more than ordinary merit. The particular edifice to which it relates, possesses special historical interest. Edwin A. Ger-nant furnishes a third article under the general head of "Over Land and Sea." The present one relates to the Rhine Land, a region of country specially dear to every German heart. Prof. William M. Reilly brings his series of articles on the "Eccentricities of Ruskin," to a close. They have furnished much pleasing and profitable entertainment to the careful reader. A poetical selection, entitled "Light and Shade," together with two prose articles, the one entitled "Try Again," and the other, "Public



Prisoners," fill out the remainder of the literary department.

The Sunday-school Department is prefaced with several interesting items, original and selected. It is mainly, however, as usual, filled out with the Scripture Lessons for the month, accompanied with Comments, on the portions of Scripture embodied in the Lessons. The intervening space not thus occupied, is filled out with excellent selections. This department is especially valuable to teachers in the Sunday-school, and is highly appreciated by them.

The "Guardian" is a mixed publication, devoted to the interests of the Sunday-school cause; and also to the social, literary and religious interests of young men and ladies, partaking more largely of the latter character. It is published monthly by the Reformed Church Publication Board, at \$1.50 per year in advance.

A VALUABLE WORK.

The article on our miscellaneous page, entitled "Wild Flowers," was written at our own urgent request. The feature of the article, which may seem most uncommon in our paper, is that which we value most, namely, the fact that it calls attention to an important work now in the course of publication. Mr. Thomas Meehan's "Flowers and Ferns of the United States," will show itself to be one of those beautiful books which every appreciative person will hail with joy, and we have gone out of our way to commend it, not simply because it is extremely interesting in itself, but because it will help to crowd trashy literature out of our families, by giving old and young something valuable that they will enjoy more. The price may seem high to those who have been indulging in what is called cheap literature, but the work is very fine and exhaustive, and will prove to be a complete library on the subject.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The Protestant pastors of some places in New York State, have, upon consultation resolved to restrict burial services. At Troy, they have determined to limit such services to the reading of the Scriptures, with singing and prayer. At Utica, they have decided to preach no more sermons at the residences or graves of the deceased persons, but deliver them afterwards in the Church, if desired by friends. That determination, however, will often increase the labor without relieving the embarrassment of ministers, as many, who have country charges in our Church, will attest.

Among the Exchanges.

This, from the *Christian Advocate*, is good testimony in favor of Church papers:

"For fifty years I have so watched the influence of Church papers upon individual and family and Church development, that I am persuaded that no man is suited to the pastoral office who does not thoroughly canvass his congregation, and entreat, and exhort, and beg, and if necessary, scold (a little), until every regular attendant upon his ministry, whether member or not, takes, or regularly borrows one or more of our Church periodicals, and a great many of our books. It pays every way, but especially in creating a conviction that contribution to Church expenses is a duty."

Dr. John Hall advises ministers to teach Paul's Protestantism, and this is what he says on the subject, according to an extract we find in the *Presbyterian*:

"If any one supposes that mere traditional dislike of Romanism will protect men from it he makes a grave mistake. It is well adapted to the human heart, and its arguments plausibly put to the ignorant and producing a rebellion—as if an innocent and beautiful system had been calumniated—will secure a favorable judgment. We have to teach the people on the subject of apostacies of whatever kind, according to Paul's directions to Timothy. Failing in this we fail to be good ministers of Jesus Christ. It is true men of the world; ambitious men, with an eye to the 'Catholic vote'; sordid men, with an eye to the 'Catholic' dollar, will dislike this, and with a fine aesthetic assumption will pronounce it ungentlemanly or narrow-minded. But whenever ministers come to the acceptance of their standard they may as well retire. Curiously enough, a Roman Catholic preacher may tell the American people that the Romish Church is the only safeguard against immorality, and the papers will report him with admiration, and no one even mutters in public against bigotry."

In the editorial columns of the *Lutheran and Missionary*, over the initials "E. G." which may readily be expanded into the name of an old and well-known pastor, we find an

article entitled "Interview with the Sick," which we transfer to our pages as eminently suggestive:

We met with an incident a few days ago that deserves remark. We were called to visit a sick parishioner. He was very ill, and fears were entertained that he would die. We were introduced into the sick room and approached his bed. Several members of his family were in the room when we entered it, and also a male and female neighbor. As soon as we had made a few inquiries concerning the man's illness, and condition, all the persons present quietly arose, and went out of the room, leaving us alone with the sick man. We were able then to converse with him unreservedly. There were no listeners. He unbosomed himself to us freely. He told us his trials and difficulties, confessed his faults and shortcomings, and asked for and received the instruction, admonition, and encouragement which he needed from his pastor. It was one of the most free and profitable interviews which we ever held with a sick member of our congregation. And it was mainly owing to the forethought and delicacy of his family and friends, in withdrawing from the sick room, and leaving him alone with his pastor.

We often, and usually, meet with cases of directly the opposite kind. Once, it would seem, that, as our visit was expected, a large part of the neighborhood had been called in. We found the room and adjoining rooms full of people. It was, of course, painful to the sick and embarrassing to us. Every word that the sick man uttered was listened to by many curious ears, and was sure to be repeated and commented on elsewhere. We could, of course, say little directly personal to the case, and the sick man was on his guard, and was careful to express himself only in a general way, and avoided all personal details. He would not unbosom himself to his pastor, on the very points on which he needed to be conversed with. We could only make some general remarks, offer a prayer, and leave, feeling that our visit was a very unprofitable one.

An exchange gives the following to show "How Contemporary History is Made:"

The June number of the *St. James Magazine*, a London publication, contains an article on the United States in which the writer weighs this country in the following original style: "Although there is much in America for any one to imitate and admire there are things that we cannot congratulate them upon at all." "Philadelphia," he says, "is a busy commercial port, second in importance to the State of New York. There is a sameness about it, a large extent of ground being under marsh." "This city seems more religious than New York." That the writer did not visit Boston may be surmised from the following flattering generalization: "A stranger can find his way far easier in an American city than at home. The streets all run one way, and the avenues cross the streets, and they are for the most part straight." "Baltimore," he remarks, "is a thriving town, with several very handsome buildings."

At Washington, our author goes on to say, "I saw the White House, the official residence of the President of America. The house is a low two-storied one, white in color, situated in the centre of a small farm, close to the town. President Everts, the present occupant, has sat for nearly eight years in the President's chair, and during his lengthened term of office has been the means of doing much for the welfare and prosperity of the United States."

Concerning New York we are told that it is "a pretty, but not a clean town." "A half mile from the Castle Gardens you come to the Telegraph Office." "The City Hall is a very chaste and complete building. I saw some really fine private carriages with handsome, high spirited horses, driven by a colored man, which to my idea set off to advantage the whole turnout." "Bribery and corruption prevail everywhere." "One Tweed, commonly called Boss Tweed, who was once Mayor of New York, during his term of office appropriated some six millions of dollars of the public funds." "He was lodged in jail, but escaped recently, and has not been seen or heard from since." "The climate of New York is variable, and you will find the ground covered with snow in the middle of April."

As another article in the same magazine says: "True criticism is neither fulsome flattery nor indiscriminate fault-finding. It is a just statement of the beauties and blemishes of the subject criticised, according to the taste and judgment of the critic." The editor of *St. James* does not seem to be a critic.

A correspondent of the *Press* says:

"While the Dollinger question is making a politico-ecclesiastical flurry in Rome, the Garibaldi manifesto, of which I spoke in my last letter, announcing the formation of 'The League of the Democracy,' is making a purely political trouble. The Government, looking on it as an incendiary paper, has prohibited its posting over the kingdom, although it circulates freely in the newspapers. At Genoa, Milan and other towns, the address has been placarded secretly at night, but immediately torn down by daylight by the police."

This incident illustrates a curious condition of the Italian mind, which has not yet risen to the conception of the newspaper. They have newspapers here, but do not use them as we do, using in their stead the public poster. Singular as this is to us, it is a direct historical evolution, which will be understood by every scholar familiar with the history of Pasquino and Marforio, the talking marbles of Medieval Rome. Had I time, it would be interesting to trace the history of a national custom arising out of an incident, but unfortunately at this moment I am writing to catch an ocean mail. Some weeks since, when this whole city was violently excited on a question on the Protestant and Roman Catholic element as to the honor to be paid to the Virgin Mary, the whole discussion was carried on by placards posted on the church doors and public places by each side. These placards contained exactly what in our American papers would go under the head of "Letters from the People."

A ROLL OF CHARITY.

The late anniversary of Bethany Orphans' Home, at Womelsdorf, Pa., awakened unusual emotions in the hearts of many of its friends. It appeared from the report of the treasurer that one payment of \$4000 still remains due on the property. This debt is a serious drawback to the usefulness of the institution. The payment of its interest absorbs money intended for the direct support of the orphans, and otherwise cripples our work. At our late festival, a kind-hearted elder of-

fered to be one of forty persons to give \$100 for the payment of this debt. There is reason to believe that others will cheerfully join him in this good work. We hereby open such a list of contributors according to his plan, and appeal to the benevolent people of the Church to aid us in securing the forty \$100 shares. Possibly some of our friends will feel disposed to take several shares in order to make this effort a certain success.

It is important that this project be carried forward without diminishing the regular contributions toward the current expenses of the institution. In the name of the hundreds of homeless orphans, who vainly knock at our doors for admittance, we appeal to all Christian people to help us in removing this burden upon our dear Orphans' Home. All persons willing to aid us will please report the amount of their proposed donations to B. BAUSMAN, Reading, Pa.

ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.

On the evening of July 8th, 1879, the licentiate, John S. Wagner, was set apart to the work of the ministry by the laying on of hands in the solemn rite of ordination, in the Reformed Church, Stoytown, Pa. Rev. W. H. Bates preached the sermon, and Revs. Heilman and Truxal performed the liturgical services, whilst the other brethren present, Revs. Bridenbaugh and Keener, joined the committee in the imposition of hands. The ceremony was deeply solemn and impressive. On the morning of the 9th, at 10 o'clock, he was duly installed as pastor of the Stoytown charge. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. U. Heilman, to a respectable audience. The covenant between pastor and people was freely and willingly entered into, and it is to be hoped, will be as freely and willingly kept by both parties while this holy relation continues. If so, this relation will result in great spiritual good to all concerned, the congregation will flourish, and the cause of Christ will prosper. The young brother is now joined to his first love in the ministry, and may he prove a good, faithful and loving husband, and she an obedient, faithful and affectionate wife! A WITNESS.

SHELBY CLASSIS.

This Classis held its annual session on the 5th of June, in St. Paul's Church, Summit, Fulton County, Ill. The opening sermon was preached by the president, Rev. R. F. Oplin, from Phil. iv. 13, after which Classis was organized by the re-election of Rev. R. F. Oplin, President, and by choosing Rev. J. S. Shade, Stated Clerk, Rev. S. P. Myers, Corresponding Secretary, and Elder John Runkel, Treasurer. All the members of Classis were present except two—Rev. D. K. Fuleason and Rev. J. Nalle. The regular routine of business was transacted with expedition. Divine services were held every evening, and preparatory services on Saturday afternoon, and the holy communion and Sunday school work on Sunday. Three persons were added to the congregation by certificate. The services were well attended on Sunday, the church being entirely filled. The meetings of Classis were characterized with a good degree of interest, and the people seemed well pleased. As much of Synod's action as concerned Classis received attention. The parochial reports presented their usual bright and dark sides. The Classis feels encouraged to go forward in the great and responsible work of our blessed Lord and Master.

Classis is not insensible toward the sect, mind, spirit and life, as being a hindrance in the way of true gospel-work and churchliness. Reformed creed and customs must be held up before the people in opposition to the unchristian and antichristian teaching so prevalent here in the West. God grant that the small Shelby Classis may, by His help and benediction, move onward and upward, numerically and spiritually, and accomplish its mission as a faithful servant.

Report on State of Religion.

From what we have gathered from the parochial reports of the different charges, we are able to present the following concerning the state of religion in the bounds of Classis: In the congregations having regular pastors the word has been presented and the sacraments have been administered, with faithfulness on the part of the ministers. It does not appear that any one has been charged with neglect of duty.

In the sphere of catechization, there seems to be a greater diversity of faithfulness. We think there is great room for improvement on the part of the clergy, and also on the part of the elders and members in co-operating with the pastors. But under the discouraging state of nearly all the charges in Shelby Classis for the past few years, and the troubles and disappointments, we think, that at the present, we have great reason to rejoice in the prosperity of our Zion. May the great Head of the Church pour down His blessing upon our Zion. During the past year, there have been a goodly number added to the Church by confirmation, and also by infant baptism.

Our prayers are, that this great work may go on from charge to charge, and from congregation to congregation, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, and from house to house, and from heart to heart, until all may come under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Respectfully submitted.

JOHN RUNKEL,  
J. S. SHADE,  
H. H. DRAKE.

Classis adjourned to meet in Mt. Zion Church, Mt. Zion charge, on Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in Christian County, Ill., on or before the first full moon in June, 1880.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Sunday-school Convention of Somerset Classis will be held at New Centreville, August 20th, 1879, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., conducted by the committee.

PROGRAMME: Evening Session, 1. Divine Services. 2. Enrollment of Delegates. 3. Address of Welcome, J. C. Weller, 10m. 4. Reply—Dr. Livengood, 10m. TOPIC—The Proper Work of the Sunday-school—Val. Hay, Esq., and Samuel Foust. 5. Reception of Questions. Close.

August 21st. Morning Session, 9. A. M. 1. Divine Services. 2. Answers to Referred Questions. 1st Topic—By Whom Should the Sunday-school Work be Done?—Wm. Hay, and Zach. T. Kimmel. 2d Topic—What are the Duties of the Superintendent?—Wm. Zimmerman and James K. P. Biesecker. 4. Reception of Questions. Close.

Afternoon Session, 2 P. M. 1. Divine Services. 2. Answers to Referred Questions. 3. Discussion. 1st Topic The Best Mode of Teaching in the Sunday-school—H. L. Baer, and George Thompson. 2d Topic—The Best Mode of Sunday-school Government—Dr. J. K. Miller and Philip Hay. 4. Miscellaneous Business. Close.

Evening Session. Concert given by the Reformed Sunday-school of the place, interspersed with addresses by Revs. J. S. Wagner, L. D. Steckel, H. F. Keener, and C. U. Heilman. Resolutions. Final Adjournment.

It is expected that all parties will come prepared to carry on the discussions. The opening speeches are to be fifteen minutes in length, all others not more than ten minutes.

The congregation at Centreville asks that the number of delegates from the different schools and charges be not limited, and requests a large attendance. It is further requested that each pastor send the number and names of the delegates of his charge to C. A. Walter, at Gebhart's, at least one week previous to the meeting of the Convention.

Committee. { H. F. KEENER.  
S. R. BRIDENBAUGH.  
A. E. TRUXAL.

EARLY VOLUMES OF THE MERCERSBURG REVIEW.

A widow of a deceased minister of the Reformed Church of the United States, has, in unbound numbers, a copy of the "Mercersburg Review" complete from January, 1849, to October, 1859, inclusive, which she will dispose of at a reasonable price. As these are rare volumes, difficult to be obtained, she will doubtless soon find a purchaser. She also has extra copies of the numbers for the years 1851 to 1858, inclusive, with which she will also part. The name of the party will be given to any one, who may wish to purchase, on application to the Publication Office.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

At a recent communion held in St. John's Reformed Church, West Philadelphia, Rev. J. Samuel Vandersloot, pastor, four persons were added to the Church, increasing the additions to fifty during the present pastorate. The congregation is engaged in making some needed improvements on their Church property, and has encouraging prospects for the future.

Rev. James Crawford has removed from Lewisburg to Lancaster, Pa., to take charge of the Academical Department connected with Franklin and Marshall College. His post-office address is changed accordingly.

The Rev. George S. Sorber was installed pastor of the Brownback's charge, Chester Co., Pa., on the 5th of July last, by a committee of the Philadelphia Classis. The Rev. W. C. Hendrickson preached the sermon. The charge to the pastor was delivered by the Rev. M. S. Rowland, and that to the people by the Rev. J. B. Kuiper. The pastor succeeds to the pastorate of his father, to which he was an assistant during the latter part of his father's life. It consists of three congregations, Brownback's, Shenkle's and St. Peter's. The installation took place in the first named Church. We are pleased to learn also, that the Brownback's congregation is about to erect a new Church edifice. The one most recently occupied by the congregation is not by any means an old building; it was, however, badly built, and still worse arranged on the score of convenience, and thus was insufficient to meet the growing wants of the congregation. It is to be hoped they will be fortunate in the place adopted, and succeed in putting up a Church, which they are abundantly able to do, such as will administer to the comfort of the worshiper, as well as the preacher, and be an acquisition to the neighborhood.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

The licentiate, C. Gumbert, recently of the post-graduate class of Mercersburg College, has accepted a call from the Sugar Creek charge, Armstrong County, Pa. His post-office address is Adams, Armstrong County, Pa.

SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

This Synod will hold its next annual sessions in St. John's Reformed Church, Lebanon, Pa., on the first Wednesday of September, (the 3rd of the month) A. D. 1879, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. A punctual attendance is expected on the part of the delegates and others having business with Synod. SAM'L R. FISHER, Stated Clerk.

Married.

MARRIED.—At Keedysville, Md., on 17th of July, by Rev. A. C. Geary, Mr. John Highberger to Miss Zura B. Clark, both from near Downsville, Md.

Obituaries.

DIED.—In Chambersburg, Pa., on the 24th inst., A. H. Senseny, M. D., in the 68th year of his age. Public Opinion, in speaking of this eminent physician, says:

"Dr. A. H. Senseny, after attaining a fine classical education, attended Jefferson Medical College, where he graduated with distinction in 1835. Entering at once upon his profession, he succeeded in a lucrative practice, which he maintained throughout a long and useful career. A writer, in contributing a brief sketch of his life to 'Men of Mark of Cumberland Valley' (published in 1876,) had the following to say of Dr. Senseny:

"Too busy in ministrations to the sick to give much time to composition, he has nevertheless contributed occasionally to medical periodicals, is an habitual reader of new medical publications, and somehow finds leisure hours for the perusal of leading works in literature, for which he has a decided taste. By a rare faculty of mental endowment, he borrows a word from the sciences—he absorbs the leading points in a book, which a singularly retentive and well trained memory presents for ready use. A record of the interesting forms of disease which have come under his observation would be a treasure to the profession, and would rank high as a treatise in clinical medicine. In every respect he is competent to the task, being a discriminating observer, a judicious therapist, and a clear and expressive writer."

"The peculiar characteristics of Dr. Senseny are quickness and acuteness of perception, promptness of action, and unwearying energy. With intuition he perceives the nature of a disease, and with great rapidity brings his resources to bear upon its relief. The Doctor is eminently a social personage, of strong attachments and prepossessions. In the care of the seriously sick, he is all gentleness and affection, but emphatic and positive to the querulous and intermeddling. No member of his community is

more quoted for racy anecdotes, and quaint and pungent sayings. His great reputation fills his rooms with patients, takes him long journeys from home in consultations, and draws numbers of students to his office."

These are fitting words eminently true of our departed friend. Dr. Senseny's death will be regretted by all, and especially those who have had cause to call upon him for professional services. His free, open speech, urbane manner and jovial disposition, seemed to impart new life to the perishing and health to the convalescent. When a household was bending under the load of affliction, his kind words and sympathetic manner helped to bear up the burden.

To the poor he not only gave his services gratuitously, but a deserving case of want never applied to him in vain. Generous to a fault, he could never see the hungry go unfed, or the ragged unclothed. He was a man, honest and true, and what more can be said of the best? He rests from his long, unbroken labor, fraught with so much good to the suffering and sorrowing; and all who knew him will cherish the memory of Dr. ABRAHAM H. SENSSENY."

We rejoice to know that Dr. Senseny died in full communion with the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Ed.

DIED.—Near North Washington, Westmoreland Co., Pa., July 3, 1879, Mary Zeretta, daughter of Elias and Mary Beighby, aged 14 years, 6 months, and 24 days.

Born of Christian parents, the deceased was dedicated to the Lord in infancy through the sacrament of baptism. Although called out of this world into the next while young, she had learned that she was not her own, but belonged to her faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ, so that she departed this life as a communicant member of the Pine Run Reformed Church. The services, conducted by the pastor, were attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends.

DIED.—Near Mt. Clifton, Shenandoah Co., Va., March 31st, 1879, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, wife of Elder Moses Fry, aged 54 years, 7 months, and 14 days. Mrs. Fry's ancestors came from Germany, and settled in Pennsylvania. Her father, George Will, came to Virginia when a boy with his father, John Will, who settled on Mill Creek, Shenandoah Co., Va. Mr. George Will married a Miss Sherman in Pennsylvania—a name that needs no comment from our pen; for its history from early date up to the present has made it a household name.

Mrs. Fry's ancestors, as far back as we can trace them, were members of the Reformed Church; she, therefore, was reared up in the bosom of the Church. In infancy, she was baptized by Father Brown of sacred memory, and when she attained the age of discretion, having been instructed in the doctrines of our holy religion, she was received into the Church by the rite of confirmation by Rev. Hy. St. Jno. Rinker. She was for many years a faithful member of St. John's congregation, Mill Creek charge. She was in delicate health for years before her death, yet when she was able her seat in the church, and places at the Lord's table was never vacant. She was a quiet, inoffensive lady—loved by all who knew her. In her affliction she was full of tenderness. Her sympathy always showed itself in the hour of need—not in empty words or affection, or sickly sentiment, but in a quiet, tangible way—in deed. Her love was not displayed before the world; did not show itself so much in word or tongue, as in deed and in truth; yet when the occasion required it, she had a kind and cheering word for all. In spirit she was meek and quiet, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Her piety was full of common sense, and her faith firm. She relied upon the everlasting promises of a covenant-keeping God. Finally leaning upon the strong arm of her Lord Jesus Christ, she stepped down into the valley of death, fearing nothing. She had, during life, trusted in the Lord, and at the hour of death she could say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." (Ps. xlii. 4.) Mrs. Fry was a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, a faithful member of the Church, an humble Christian. She leaves a devoted husband and family together with a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. We miss her in the Church, and in our pastoral visitations, but what is our loss is her eternal gain. So teach us, O Lord, to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

In the absence of the pastor, appropriate services were held by Rev. H. Tallheim, assisted by Rev. Hy. St. Jno. Rinker. All that is mortal of her now reposes in the Old Pine Church burying ground, whilst her works do follow her.

Farewell, mother, thou hast left us,  
For a bright and heavenly sphere;  
Providence has thus bereft us  
Of a friend and mother dear.

Farewell, mother, may we meet thee  
Where the heavenly chorus swell—  
Midst the happy we will greet thee,  
Never more to say farewell.

B. R. C.

DIED.—At Sharpsburg, Md., on the 16th of July, Mr. Robert D. Early, aged 25 years, 7 months, and 26 days.

DIED.—In Millburg, Pa., July 20th, Georgia Eva, daughter of Enoch & Sarah L. Miller, in her nineteenth month.

Drowned at Tolchester Beach, on Saturday, the 19th day of July, Louis B., son of the late George Delphay, deceased, and Mrs. Louisa H. Delphay, aged about 8 years. Louis was a member of the Sunday-school, connected with the Third Reformed Church of Baltimore. He was in company with the Sunday-school, on its annual excursion, when the fatal occurrence took place. He was a bright promising boy. Under the persistent efforts of Christian parents, he had early showed signs of piety and devotion. The sudden bereavement has fallen in very dark gloom indeed upon the house. The Sunday-school has been thus early deprived of a boy, who was one of its brightest ornaments, and in whom it had many things to hope for. But while a child has died on the earth, another voice has been added to the redeemed throng. CONRAD CLEVER.

DIED.—In Monroe Township, Bedford Co., Pa., June 12th, 1879, after an illness of a few hours, Elder Thomas Gillam, aged 48 years, 2 months and 10 days.

Suddenly in the high noon of an active life, when to human wisdom he seemed so greatly needed to the Everett charge, and to his family, was this lovely man stricken down. He had been in attendance, as Elder for the Everett charge, on the sessions of Mercersburg Classis, held in Shippensburg, May 14th, 1879. He was then apparently enjoying the very best of health, and one would have supposed, had the promise of a long and useful life.

When, at midnight on Monday, the 19th, at the adjournment of Classis, the President, Rev. F. A. Ruple, in the course of a solemn closing address, said, "We never shall all meet together on earth again, as we are here now and part to-night," no one in looking over that assembly of ministers and elders, would have thought that Thomas Gillam would be the first of that devout assembly, in another midnight hour so near at hand, to hear the Bridegroom's voice; that his stalwart form, his ruddy face, his eagle eye would be the first to bow and blanch and pale in death.

It was my privilege to travel with him in his carriage over the mountains to Everett, where, after cheerily bidding him good bye, I parted from him never to meet him again on earth.

All through this journey homeward with him, I was more impressed than I had ever been before, with his sterling qualities of mind and heart, his nobility of character, his love of God and man. Our conversations on the Church in general, of the Everett charge, now shepherdless, of his family and of those near and dear to him, were very delightful. Surely if "an honest man is the noblest work of God," Thomas Gillam was a noble work. He was extensively known and greatly beloved. Five years ago he married Mrs. Elizabeth Bachman, an estimable widow lady, whose only daughter went with her mother to her new home. To the household was added two dear little boys. These now mourn a husband's and a father's death. To the Word of His grace who hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me," we commit and commend them. He has gone, and earth seems more dear, but 'tis not a farewell, only a gentle good-night. Sweet will be his sleep in Jesus, glorious his awakening, and unbroken the rest of Heaven. M. Alexandria, Pa.



## Youth's Department.

## DEAD MARCH.

BY MARY F. LATHROP.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way,  
March the feet of a million men;  
If none shall pity and none shall save,  
Where will the march they are making end?  
The young, the strong, and the old are there,  
In woeful ranks as they hurry past,  
With not a moment to think or care,  
What is the fate that comes at last.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom,  
Out of boyhood pure and fair,  
Over the thoughts of love and home,  
Past the check of a mother's prayer;  
Onward swift to a drunkard's crime,  
Over the plea of wife and child,  
Over the holiest ties of time,  
Reason dethroned, and soul gone wild.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, till a drunkard's grave  
Covers the broken life of shame,  
While the spirit Jesus died to save,  
Meets a future we dare not name;  
God help us all—there's a cross to bear—  
And work to do for the mighty throng;  
God give us strength till the toil and prayer  
Shall one day end in the victor's song.

## LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

Did you ever have a bit of cloth that you thought clean until some time it happened to be laid close by a new piece, and then you saw it to be soiled? In a similar way people discover facts about themselves, as Burt and Johnnie Lee did when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. They were "pretty good boys," and would have been very angry if anybody had called them deceitful. Well, when their cousin came, they were delighted. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he recited finely. At night, before the close of school, the teacher called a roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "Ten" if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you 'zero,'" said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once?" said Johnnie that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say, 'I haven't,'" said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied very hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his own account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered, "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to; yet the school-room seemed to have grown much quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of "disgrace." Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and "story-tellers." They talked him over and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term, Willie's name was very low down in the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General —, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I tell you that I want to give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.—*S. S. Visitor.*

## A CHILD'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

Victor Hugo, the French poet and novelist has a little grand-daughter eight-years old. Jeanne is his pet, and has been immortalized in two of the poet's works. She is a bright girl, fond of stories, and remembers what she hears. Not long since a remembered story saved her life.

Mounting the library steps to wind up a clock on the mantle-piece, her pinafore caught fire. In a moment her dress was in a blaze.

She had heard the story of a lady, who, when her dress caught fire, did not run, but rolled on the carpet. The story flashed in her mind, and little Jeanne, instead of running out of the room, lay down and rolled over and over on the floor.

Though severely burned, she saved her life through a retentive memory and a cool head. Jeanne is likely to be known, if she lives to grow up to womanhood, outside of her grandfather's books.

## THE VALUE OF A FIXED HEART.

If any of you are so wise that you know all the objections to Christianity, all the hard places which faith must encounter, all the dark sayings and perplexing mysteries of the Gospel, remember that it is nothing to your credit. A wrecker who lives from the goods of foundered vessels and shipwrecked crews knows where all the dangerous rocks are along the coast, and he is always hovering about them. But the shipmaster knows more about the channel than about the reefs. A calm, self-possessed captain of a vessel was asked, "Captain, I suppose you know where every rock and shoal is along this whole coast, do you not?" "I know where they are not," was his reply, which is the more important thing. Admirable answer. If your faith is fixed on God and your heart is wedded to His service, you will know where the dangers and difficulties and mysteries and contradictions are not. Riding peacefully upon the great deeps of His love, your greatest joy will be that you no longer live by doubts, but by affirmations.—*Dr. A. J. Gordon.*

## AN ALLEGORY.

A great king, desiring to teach his son a practical lesson, ordered a long table to be prepared in one of the galleries of his palace, set out with all manner of toys, fruits, and other things, which he thought would please the little boy. Taking him to a door at one end of the room, he said to him: "My son, pass down this hall, and whatever you are pleased with you may take for your own upon one condition—you are not to turn back. When you have gone the whole length of the table, and have made your decision, go out at the other door and bring me what you have chosen."

Joyfully the little boy started, enchanted with the prospect; he ate and drank, and gathered his hands and arms full of treasures, and, presently tiring of what he had, he threw them away to make room for some more glittering toy which attracted him farther on; but

which, when secured, somehow did not please or satisfy him as much as he had expected, and he was constantly looking back regretfully to that which he had left behind, or he saw something still farther on which he thought more desirable. Now, instead of being happy in having his choice of all these good things, the little boy grew irritable and dissatisfied. At length he appeared before the king with a sorrowful countenance, and in his hands were a few broken toys.

"Is this all, my son, that you have brought me out of the great variety from which you had to choose?"

"Yes, father," sobbed the weeping boy; "that which pleased me at first seemed so poor and inferior when I had them, to that which I saw farther on that I could not be content, and, always hoping to secure something to please me better, I could not make my choice; and now these are all I have. Oh, if I might go back once more!"

"Not so, my son," said the king; "that cannot be; but let this lesson sink deep in your heart. As you go through life, enjoy each day all there is in it of pleasure and happiness; do not look back with vain regrets, nor live in anticipation of future joys, oblivious of those which are within your reach. Let each day bring you its measure of comfort and cheer. The present is all you are ever sure of; by wisely improving it your memories of the past will be pleasant, and your future happiness will be assured."

## HOW TO SEE A SEED GROW.

Many little folks wonder how a seed grows. Some boys and girls have taken up the seed after planting it in the ground, and thereby prevented it from taking root.

We may, however, see the roots shooting out from the hyacinths and other bulbs that we grow in glasses in our windows. And in this way we may see other seeds sprout and shoot.

A gentleman, to gratify his little sons, took a glass tumbler, round which he tied a bit of common lace, allowing the lace to hang or drop down in the centre of the glass. He then put enough water in the glass to cover the lower part of the lace, and in this hollow he dropped two sweet peas. The little boys were told to look at them every day, and they would learn what was going on under ground with similar seeds.

Next morning the boys hurried from the breakfast-room to look at the glass with the peas in the south window. They found that while they were fast asleep the little brown skins had burst, and a tiny white sprout was seen on the side of each pea. The little sprouts soon grew long enough to reach through the holes in the lace, and on the top of the peas two little green leaves were seen.

In time the boys saw the white thread-like roots reach almost to the bottom of the glass, while the green leaves grew large and gave way to a stalk or stem.

In this way most seeds may be seen to grow.

## OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM.

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better to-day." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two boys got an oyster. One looked at it, and declared it nasty. The other tasted it, and declared it good.

Two boys examining a bush, one observed that it had a thorn. The other that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have something better than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

Two men went to see New York. One visited the saloons, and thought

New York wicked. The other visited the homes and thought New York good.

Two boys looking at some skaters, one said: "See how they fall." The other: "See how they glide."

Two strangers to our world were offered refreshments. One took beer, and the other mead. The first said the world is bitter. The other that it is sweet.

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest that it is principally parlor.

Two boys having a bee, one got honey and the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; and the other, a stinging-bee.

Two boys got each an apple. One was thankful for the apple. The other was dissatisfied because it was not two.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he has a gain. Another counts everything else that he conceives a loss.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

Sitting down to the same table, one man can make his meal off pickles and another off sweetmeats.

In drinking lemonade, you may detect only the sweet or only the sour.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

One man enjoys what he has. Another suffers for what he has not.

One man makes up his account from his wants. Another from his assets.

One man complains that there is evil in the world. Another rejoices that there is good in the world.

One says: "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says: "Our evil is mixed with good."—*Exchange.*

## HIDING FROM PAPA.

Papa's lost his baby!  
Searches everywhere,  
Under chairs and tables,  
With the greatest care!

Pulls aside the curtain,  
Peeps behind the door!  
Never sees the little heap  
Curled up on the floor;  
Never hears the whisper,  
"Mamma, don't you tell!"

Nor the little laughter,  
Muffled, like a bell!

Off he scampers wildly,  
Hunting here and there,  
Overturning everything,  
With the greatest care.

Canary has a visit,  
Sitting on his perch,  
Mamma's apron pocket  
Suffers by the search.

"Now I am so tired—  
Elephant at play—  
That I must take a rest  
A minute by the way.  
I'll lay my weary head  
On this little rug."

Under mamma's towel  
Lay her darling, snug!

Then the merry scrambling  
Papa laughed to see!  
"And you didn't find, now,  
That it could be me!"

—Mrs. R. N. Turner in *Youth's Companion*.

## TRAVEL ON THE VOLGA.

The Volga is one of the great rivers of Russia, and the means of travel upon its waters are now greatly improved, but they used to be primitive in the extreme. Freight was carried on barges, and these in turn were towed along by a machine called the *maschina*. The *maschina* was a boat provided with a capstan, a rope and a heavy anchor. The sailors would send the anchor ahead a distance by a small boat, and drop it overboard, when the rope attached to it would be wound up by means of the capstan, thus pulling the *maschina* up to the spot, the barges following. So slow have the Russians been to adopt modern improvements, that when steam was at last introduced on the Volga, it was for a long time used only to work the capstan. The idea of a steam-tug never seems to have entered their heads.—*Congregationalist.*

## A KIND WORD.

A pretty story is told of Leonardo da Vinci's boyhood. The little fellow was accustomed to buy such caged birds as he saw exposed for sale on the streets of Florence, that he might set them free. The little Leonardo early learned the lesson that there is more genuine pleasure in a good act than in a good possession. There are, in the path in which each one of us walks, many caged birds which we can set free. Of all keys to unlock the prisoned captives, sympathy is the best. A kind word of praise, a hearty expression of good-will, a little help offered at the right time—none of these things costs much, but each may make the difference, to many a sad heart, between joy and sorrow.—*Presbyterian.*

## Pleasantries.

The wisest man we ever knew was a Jew who remarked: "I tells you vat it ish, young man, I buys my egspierience vresh ef'ry day."

"Have you any objects of interest in the vicinity?" the tourist asked the Burlington man. "I have! I have!" eagerly replied the other; "but I can't get at it to show it to you. It's a ninety-days' note, and it's down in the bank now, drawing interest like a horse-race or a mustard plaster."

When Benjamin Franklin was an editor, he was in the habit of writing to the young ladies who sent in poetry, saying honeyed language that, owing to the crowded state of his columns, etc., he would endeavor to circulate their productions in manuscript; and then tied the poems to the tail of a kite for "bobs."

A cockney inquired at the post office the other day for a letter for "Enery Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied a little angrily; "you've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch; it begins with a ho. Look in the 'ole that's got the ho's."

A little girl had been absent with her parents two weeks at a camp-meeting. On her return home her little playmate, Ella Day, entertained her by showing her her new playthings. At night, little Mary, in saying her prayers, said: "O Lord, bless Ella Day, and make her a good girl, so I can take all her playthings away from her, and she won't want them back again."

On High street yesterday a boy of ten, richly dressed sat on the steps eating an orange, and a boy with a cart-load of picked-up wood stood across the street looking at him. The contrast was very great, and a pedestrian who saw the situation said to the poor boy: "That chap over there is pretty well fixed, isn't he?" "Yes," was the reply. "Lives in the big house and wears good clothes?" "Yes." "Probably has lots of spending money." "Yes." There was a minute of silence, and then the boy with the cart started up his load, saying: "But I don't care a cent about it—he has to eat with a fork and say 'yes ma'am' to everybody."

The Shah of Persia is said to be something of an artist. When he paints a picture in which a camel in the background is higher than a tree in the foreground, and the old mill on the left is not as large as the dog on the right, and the perspective shoots up against the sky with the suddenness of a tall telegraph pole, and he sends the canvas to the 148th annual exhibition, the hanging committee never hang it above the line. Not even hardly ever. They would soon be a headless committee if they did. They give the Shah's picture the best position in the gallery, and the critics speak of its wonderful lights and shades, its remarkable depth of tone, artistic groupings, and breadth of feeling. They make the Shah believe he is a Vernet, Rubens, Raphael, and Meissonier rolled into one. It would prove very unhealthy for them if they didn't. A critic once rashly hinted that one of the Shah's pictures "lacked feeling." A few hours later the critic lacked feeling. He also lacked a head.



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## General News.

## HOME.

The Illinois Lutheran Synod has instructed its ministers not to administer baptism by immersion.

The degree of D. D. has been conferred upon sixty-five clergymen this summer by the colleges of the country.

The excitement in regard to the yellow fever seems to be abating. Thirteen new cases were reported at Memphis on the first inst. There has been no spread of the disease elsewhere. Precautionary measures have been adopted to keep back its ravages. At Memphis, there is an aggravating trouble with the resident negroes.

The arrangements for the next annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions have been announced. The time will be October 7 to 10, and the place Syracuse. Provision will be made for 3,000 delegates, and three churches have been engaged for the various exercises. The Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, president of the Board, will preside at the main meeting, assisted by Wm. E. Dodge in the auxiliary gatherings. John Dunn, Jr., of Syracuse, is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. Representatives of the Board are now on their way home from mission fields from all parts of the world, and a conference of unusual interest is expected.

**THE YELLOW FEVER.**—The Best Disinfectants, and How to Apply Them.—Washington, July 29.—The Executive Committee of the National Board of Health has issued the following circular on disinfection:

National Board of Health, Washington, D. C., July 29.—The following memoranda on disinfection for limiting the spread of yellow fever are published as a summary of existing knowledge on this subject. This knowledge is far from being precise, and the board has taken measures to have the effects of disinfectants, and more particularly of gaseous or volatile disinfectants, upon the lower organisms, both moist and dry, carefully investigated. This investigation will require much time, but the results will, it is hoped, repay the cost.

First. It is prudent to assume that the essential cause of yellow fever is what may for convenience be called a "germ." That is, something which is capable of growth and propagation outside the living human body. That this germ flourishes, especially in decaying organic matter or filth, and that disinfectants must have reference both to the germ and that in which it flourishes.

Second. Disinfection, when used in a place not infected for the purpose of rendering filth or foul soils, waters, etc., incapable of propagating disease germs, is a poor substitute for cleanliness and is mainly useful to make the process of cleansing odorless and harmless. The best disinfectants for this purpose are sulphate of iron, carbolic acid, fresh quicklime, fresh charcoal powder, chloride of zinc, chloride of aluminum, permanganate of potash.

Third. The two great difficulties in destroying the germ of yellow fever are:—1st, to bring the disinfecting agent into actual contact with the germ, and 2d, to avoid injuring or destroying other things which should be preserved.

Fourth. When the germ of yellow fever is dry, or partially dried, no gaseous disinfectant can be relied on to destroy it. It must either be moistened or subjected to a dry heat of not less than 250° to obtain security.

Fifth. In disinfecting or destroying infected clothing, bedding, or movable articles, move them as little as possible while dry. Before disturbing them have them thoroughly moistened either by a chemical disinfecting solution, or boiling water, in order to prevent the diffusion of direct germs in the air in the form of dust.

Sixth. The best method of disinfecting rooms, buildings, ships, etc., is still doubtful owing to the difficulty of destroying the vitality of dried germs.

The board proposes to have this subject carefully investigated, and in the meantime advises thorough scrubbing and moist cleansings, to be followed by the fumes of burning sulphur at the rate of 18 ounces per 1,000 cubic feet of space to be disinfected.

The sulphur should be broken in small pieces, burned over vessels containing water or sand, which vessels should be distributed over the space to be disinfected at the rate of at least 1 to each 100 square feet.

No patented compound known to the board is superior as a disinfectant to the agents above mentioned, and none is so cheap. Some of these patent disinfectants are good deodorants, but the removal of an unpleasant odor is not proof that true disinfection has been accomplished.

In districts where yellow fever prevailed last year the following precautionary measures should be taken:

First. Textile fabrics of every description, which were exposed to yellow fever infection during the year 1878, and which have remained packed or boxed in a close place since such exposure, should not be opened or unrolled, but should either be burned or placed in boiling water for half an hour or more, or in suitable heated ovens, or disinfected according to the nature and value of the individual article or articles.

Second. Every house or room in which cases of yellow fever occurred in the year 1878 and since that time have remained unoccupied, should not be opened for occupation until they have been thoroughly cleansed and disinfected by persons acclimated to yellow fever.

Third. Every privy vault underground, water cistern, dry well, or closed cellar connected with a house in which yellow fever existed last year, and which may not have been opened since that date, should not be reopened, but if possible be covered with several feet of earth.

Fourth. Every suspicious case should be at once isolated, and every possible precaution taken to prevent infection, by providing attendants who have had the disease, and thorough disinfection of all discharges from the sick. If the disease proves to be yellow fever, all articles of clothing and bedding used about the sick should be burned, the house should be vacated, and every room tightly closed and fumigated with burning sulphur.

## FOREIGN.

There was a million dollar fire at Hamilton, Ont., on the 1st inst.

**GERMANY AND THE PAPACY.**—London, Friday, Aug. 1, 1879.—A dispatch from Rome confirms the announcement that an agreement has been arranged between the Vatican and Prince Bismarck, and that only the question of the signatures remains to be settled. Mgr.

Roncetti, the newly-appointed Papal Nuncio to Bavaria, who is expected at Kissingen shortly will be the bearer of a draft of a scheme which substantially agrees with the terms of the settlement of the religious issues between the Government of Germany and the Vatican, with the addition that the May laws will not only be suspended but ultimately revised. Both Germany and the Vatican are agreed to such revision.

Exception is taken in England to the manner in which Mr. Talmage points a moral. In his lecture on the "Bright Side of Things," delivered at the Temperance Fête at the Crystal Palace, as an instance of the "ruling passion strong" he related the following: "Ah," said a man, who was on a sick bed, to his wife, "I am going to heaven." "You'll look very pretty," said she, "stuck up in heaven." "Bring me the broom," he shouted, "and let me give you another walloping before I die." A correspondent of *The Echo* insists that it was scarcely necessary for a Doctor of Divinity to come from the other side of the Atlantic to speak in this manner, as there are preachers in the East End and cab-drivers all over London, who can do as well, if not better.

The congregation of St. Bartholomew's Reformed Episcopal Church, at Montreal, has issued a letter in which the American Bishops, Nicholson and Fallows, are charged with acting during their visit in a pert, undignified and unchristian spirit. "It is truly lamentable," the letter says, "to behold two bishops from the United States come to Canada and try to stir up, in a very unchristian manner, animosity against a brother bishop—not because of doctrinal teaching, or any disagreement as to his mode of Episcopal worship, but because of a simple jurisdiction." Per contra, an Ottawa telegram says that the Gregg party has been overwhelmingly defeated at the election for delegates to the convention to be held at that city on the 30th for the formation of a synod.

A new difficulty has just been sprung on the Vatican in Switzerland by the conduct of the Commune of Muotta-Thal, in Schwyz. Herr Baumgartner, the parish priest, was nominated by the bishop to a distant cure, and a successor, who had also the support of the Communal Council, presented for the approval of the burghers, which, in ordinary cases, is given as a matter of course. But the people, though orthodox Catholics, have been too long trained in habits of freedom to accept a priest whom they dislike, even though he may come to them recommended by their spiritual guides and worldly superiors, and they rejected the new man and re-elected Herr Baumgartner by a large majority. The difficulty will probably be overcome, as was some time ago a somewhat similar one in the Bernese Jura, by a virtual concession of the point in dispute, the present policy of the Vatican being opposed to the provocation of fresh ecclesiastical troubles in Switzerland.

The succession to the throne of the Netherlands gives considerable anxiety in Holland just now. The death of the Prince of Orange, although the country may be considered fortunate in being rid of so questionable an heir apparent, causes a serious complication. King William is sixty three years old, and the only other living members of the Dutch branch of the Orange-Nassau family are his uncle, Prince Frederick, brother-in-law of the German Emperor, who has no sons, and Prince Alexander of the Netherlands, a sickly young man of twenty-eight, unmarried. If the King should have no more children, the younger line of the House of Nassau will in all probability become extinct, and the crown of the Netherlands will pass after the death of the present King to the elder line that of the Grand Duke Adolphus of Nassau, who was deprived of his throne in 1866. This family also is not a numerous one. Duke Adolphus, who is over sixty, has only one son, who has for more than twelve years been morganatically married to the Countess Natalie von Merenberg, a daughter of the Russian poet Pu-shkin. The possibility of the extinction of a house which has been so intimately connected with the history of the Netherlands during the past 300 years, and which has essentially contributed to the establishment of the independence of the country, has not before been contemplated; and the Dutch look forward with alarm to the prospect of the throne passing to the Dukes of Nassau.

## Farm and Garden.

**PROVIDE SHADE FOR YOUR STOCK.**—Shelter from the burning sun may be provided by means of a cheap open shed of boards, or by throwing boughs upon a frame work of posts and poles. Some such provision for the comfort of the stock should be made, as it is not only humane, but profitable. Better still is a little grove of trees of sufficient size only to make a good shade for the whole flock. A single tree is not enough; such comfort is often monopolized by the "master" of the flock or herd. It is cruel to turn a flock of sheep into the field where the only sign of a shadow is that cast by a fence, and it may be a wire net at that. The poor suffering animals will stand bare backed in the hot sun with their heads under each other, endeavoring to make their own shade. Half a day's work will give them a shelter which will more than repay for the trouble.—*American Agriculturist*.

**INJURIOUS INSECTS.**—It is now the season when the insects which prey on fruit trees are most destructive and require the closest attention. "Eternal vigilance" will be the "price" of successful contention with these tiny foes. The tent-caterpillar and the canker-worm prey on the foliage of apple and cherry trees. The apple-worm moth lays its eggs in the calyx of the young fruit, and the grub, as soon as it is hatched, cuts its way to the core, causing the fruit to ripen prematurely. In some instances the worm continues in the fruit without causing any apparent damage, and it is only when the apple is being eaten or cut up that the unwelcome tenant makes its appearance. The Spitzenberg seems to be a particular favorite with this destructive insect, for we find a great deal of this fruit wormy. A great many of the moths may be got rid of by building fires in the orchard at night. They will be attracted by the light, fly into the blaze and be destroyed. Some persons place a lamp in the centre of a tub of water; the light attracts the moths, they fly against the lamp, fall into the water and are drowned.—*Western Rural*.

## Acknowledgments.

## LETTER LIST.

Antrim, B. F.  
Binkley, H. K. (3), Boyer, C. C., Bolger, S. P., Bachman, Rev. A. J., Bates, Rev. W. H., Bridenbaugh, Prof. P. H., Boyer, F. R.  
Christine, Rev. F. F., Callender, Rev. Dr. S. N.  
Diehl, F. H.  
Everitt, F. H.  
Fout, A. R., Fritzing, Rev. J.  
Gumbert, Rev. C. Griffith, G. W., Grabill, A., Gerhard, Rev. D. W., Geyer, W. M., Greaser, F. F.  
Hoffman, Rev. H., Herbst, A. H., Hoffmeister, Rev. H. W., Huser, J., Huber, Rev. T. A., (2), Hartman, W. F.  
Imler, E. W.  
Johnston, Rev. G. H.  
Kohler, Rev. S. S., Kretzing, Kerschner, Rev. J. B., Lefever, Rev. D. P., Laury, Rev. S. F., Lyman, H. N., Liggins, J., Larch, J., Long, Rev. H. F., Lough, J. Q., Lawler, W. R.  
Miller, D., Mease, Rev. Dr. S. Miley, J.  
Nagle, J. C., Neff, H.  
Peters, Rev. J. A., Pannebecker, Rev. J. H.  
Roth, Rev. G. W., Reist, W., Reiter, Rev. C. H.  
Sherman, G. F., Scribner & Welford, (3), Spaw, F., Snyder, Rev. J. F., Skyles, Rev. N. H., Schwenk, G. W., Sangree, Rev. M. H., Stoner, C., Sumner, S., Snyder, Rev. W. H., Snyder, G. V., Shultz, Rev. C. W.  
Thompson, Rev. G. B.  
Ward, B. J., White, D. F., Wagner, Rev. J. S., Wolf, Mrs. J. G., Wolfinger, W.  
Zehring, Rev. J. D.

## THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 2, 1879.

| [The prices here given are wholesale.] |                 |
|----------------------------------------|-----------------|
| FLOUR, Wheat, Superfine.....           | \$2.50 @ 2.75   |
| " Extra Family.....                    | 5.25 @ 5.50     |
| " Fancy.....                           | 6.00 @ 6.30     |
| Rye.....                               | 3.20 @ 3.25     |
| Corn meal.....                         | 2.50 @ 2.60     |
| Buckwheat meal.....                    | 1.10 @ 1.15     |
| GRAIN, Wheat, White.....               | 1.11 @ 1.14     |
| " Red.....                             | 1.10 @ 1.11     |
| Rye.....                               | 55 @ 60 1/2     |
| Corn, Yellow.....                      | 42 @ 43         |
| " White.....                           | 34 1/2 @ 35     |
| Barley two rowed.....                  | 60 @ 65         |
| Barley Malt, two rowed.....            | 80 @ 90         |
| GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....            | 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4   |
| " Refined out loaf.....                | 9 @ 9 1/4       |
| " " crushed.....                       | 8 1/2 @ 9       |
| " " powdered.....                      | 8 1/2 @ 9       |
| " " granulated.....                    | 8 1/2 @ 9       |
| Coffee, Rio.....gold.....              | 14 1/2 @ 15 1/2 |
| " Maracaibo.....gold.....              | 13 @ 15         |
| " Laguayra.....gold.....               | 14 1/2 @ 15 1/2 |
| " Java.....gold.....                   | 22 1/2 @ 24     |
| PROVISIONS, Mess Pork.....             | 9 50 @ 10 00    |
| Dried Beef.....                        | 14 @ 14 1/2     |
| Sugar cured Hams.....                  | 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 |
| Lard.....                              | 5 1/2 @ 6 1/2   |
| Butter, Roll extra.....                | 9 @ 11          |
| Butter, Roll Common.....               | 6 @ 8           |
| " Prints, extra.....                   | 20 @ 22         |
| " " Common.....                        | 16 @ 18         |
| " Grease.....                          | 3 @ 6           |
| Eggs.....                              | 12 @ 13         |
| SEEDS, Clover, per 100 lbs.....        | 6.50 @ 7.25     |
| Timothy p r bushel.....                | 1.75 @ 1.80     |
| Flax.....                              | 1.35 @ 1.40     |
| PLASTER, White.....                    | 3.00 @ 3.25     |
| Blue.....                              | 2.50 @ 3.00     |

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